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June, 1847.

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THE

CHESTER PLAYS.

XIV. CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The Corvysors Playe.

Pagina decima quarta, de Jesu intrante domum Simonis Leprosi, et de aliis rebus.

JESUS.

Brethren, goe we to Bethanye,
To Lazarre, Martha, and Marye,
For I love moche their companye:
Thedder nowe will I wende.
Symonde the Leaper hath praied me
In his howse to take charatye;
With them nowe it liketh me
A whyle for to lende.

PETRUS.

Lorde, all readye shall we be
In life and death to goe with thee;
Greate joye the maye have to see
Thy cominge into their place.

PHILIPPE.

Lazarre thou raysed through thy pittie,
And Symonde also, messille was he,
Thou clensed, Lorde, that wotten we,
And holpe them through thy grace.

Tunc ibunt versus domum Simonis Leprosi.

SIMON.

Wellckome, Jesu, full of grace,
That I that fowle and mescell was,
All wholl, Lorde, thou healed hase,
Over all, Lorde, for to shewe:
Well is me that I maie se thy face
Here in my howse, this poore place!
Thou comfortes me in manye a place,
And that I full well knowe.

LAZARRUS.

Welckome, Lorde, sweete Jesu,
Blessed be the tyme that I thee knewe!
From death to liffe through thy vertue
Thou raysed me not yore;
Fower dayes in eairth when I [had] lyne,
Thou granteste me life againe.
Thee I honoure with all my mayne,
Nowe and ever more.

MARTHA.

Welckome, my lovelye Lorde [of] lere!
Welckome, my deere darlinge dere!
Fayne maye thy frendes be in fere,
To see thy sweetlye face.
Sittes downe, yf your will were,
And I shall helpe to serve you here,

As I was wonte to serve you heare
Before in other place.

Tunc Jesus sedebit, et omnes cum eo, et veniet Maria Magdelena, cum albastro unguenti, et lamentando dicat Maria Magdelena:

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Welckome, my lovelye lorde of leale!
Welckome, my harte, welckome in heale!
Welckome, all my worldes heale,
My boote and all my blesse!
From the, Lorde, maye I not conseale
My fylth and my faultes faile;
Forgeve me that my fleshe so frayle
To thee hath donne amisse.
Oyntment heare I have readye,
To anoynte thy sweete bodye,
Though I be wreched and unworthy,
Wave me not from thy wonne.
Full of synne and sorowe am I,
But therfore, Lorde, I am sorye:
Amende me through thy mercye,
That makes to thee my mone.

Tunc aperiet pixidem, et faciet signum unctionis, et rigabit pedes Jesu lacrimis, et tergebit capillis suis.

SYMON.

Ah, Judas, why dose Jesus so?
Me thinkes that he shoulde let her goe,
This woman full of syne and wo,
For feare of worldes shame.
And if he vereye prophett be,

He shoulde knowe her life here,
And suffer her not to come hym nere,
For payringe of his fame.

JUDAS ISCARIOTTE.

Naye, Symonde, brother, south to saye,
Hit is noe thinge to my paye;
This oyntmente goeth so faste awaie,
That is so moche of price;
This oyle boxe mighte have bene soulde
For three hundreth penyes toulde,
And dealed to poore men, who ever woulde,
And whoesoever hade bene wise.

JESUS.

Symon, take good heede to me,
I have a errande to saye to thee.

SYMON.

Maister, what your will maye be,
Saye one, I you be seeke.

JESUS.

By an exsample I shall thee showe,
And to this companye on a roe,
Wherby I saye thou maie knowe
To answere to my speache:
Towe dettores some tyme ther were
Oughten moneye to a userere,
The one was in his daungere
Fyve hundreth poundes toulde;
The other fifteye, as I saye here:
For the were poore, at their praier,
He forgave them bouth in fere,
And naughte take of them he woulde.

Wheither of thes towe, reade if thou can,
Was more behoulden to that man?

SYMON.

Lorde, as moche as I can theirone,
I shall saye or I passe.
Fyve hundreth is more than fiftie;
Therfore me thinke skillfulye,
That he that forgave more partie,
More houlden to hym he was.

JESUS.

Symon, thou deemes southlye, i-wysse:
Seeyes thou this woman that here is?
Sicker shee has not done amisse,
To worcke in this manere.
Into thy howse here thou me gette,
No watter thou gave me to my feete,
Shee wayshed them with here teares weete,
And wipped them with her heaire.
Kisse since I came thou gave non;
But seith shee came into this wone,
Shee hath kissed my feete eichone,
Of weepinge shee never seaced;
With oyle thou haste not me anoynted,
But shee hath donne bouth foote and joynte;
Therfore I tell thee one poynte,
Moche synne is her released.
And, Judas, also to thee I saie,
Wherto wouldeste thee mispaye
With this woman by anye waye,
That esead me this hasse?
A good deede shee hase done to daie:
For poore men you have with you aye,
And me you maye not have, in good faye,

But a littill space;
Therfore, woman, witterlye,
For thou haste loved so tenderlye,
All thy synnes nowe forgeve I,
Beleeffe hath saved thee;
And all that preach the Evangelie,
Through the worlde by and by,
And of thy deed shall make memorye
That thou haste done to me.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

My Christe, my comforte, and my kinge,
I worshippe thee in all thinge,
For nowe my harte is in likinge,
And I at myne above;
Seven devilles, nowe as I well see,
Thou haste dreven nowe out of me,
And from fowle life unto greate lee
Releved me, Lorde, for love.

Tunc surget Jesu, et stando dicat discipulis suis ut sequitur.

JESUS.

Petter and Phillipe, my brethren free,
Before you a castill you maie see:
Goe you theider, and feche anon to me
An asse and her fole also;
Lose them, bringe them heither anon:
Yf anye man gryche you as you gone,
And you saye that I will ride therone,
Sone will the let them goe.

PETRUS.

Mayster, we shall doe your byddinge,
And bringe them sone for anye thinge.

Phillipe, brother, be we goinge,
And feche these beastes towe.

PHILLIPE.

Brother, I am readye bowne,
Hye that we were at the towne;
Greate joye in harte have we mon,
On this errande for to goe.

Tunc ibunt in civitatem, et dicat primuz janitor.

PETRUS.

Howe! howe! I must have this asse.

JANITOR.

Heare thou getteste nether more nor lesse,
But thou shalte tell me, or thou passe,
Wheither the shall goe.

PHILLIPE.

My mayster Jesu, leeve thou me,
Thinkes to come to this cittie,
And bade bouth broughte to hym should be,
Hymselfe to ride upon.

JANITOR.

All readye, good men, in good faye:
And seith he will come to daye,
All this cittie I will assaie
And warne of his cominge.
Take asse and fole, and goe your waye;
For eiche man of hym marvayle maye,
Lazarre, that fower dayes dead laye,
He raysed at his callinge.

Tunc ibit janitor ad cives.

Tydinges, good men everye one !
The prophette Jesus comes anon.
Of his disciples yender gone
Twayne that were nowe here ;
For his marvayles leeve aye upon,
That he is vereye Godes sonne,
Allthough he in this worlde wonne,
Or elles wounder were.

PRIMUZ CIVES.

A ! Lorde, blessed moste thou be !
Hym will I goe nowe and see,
And so I rede that all we
Theidder-warde take the waie.

SECUNDUS CIVES.

Felowes, I leeve that Christe is he,
Comon from God in magistie ;
Elles suche marvayles, as thinkes me,
He ney did daye for daye.

TERCIUS CIVES.

Lazarre he saved, so God me save !
That fower dayes hath bene in grave ;
Therfore devocion nowe I have
To welckome hym to this towne.

QUARTUS CIVES.

Braunches of the palme-tree
Eichone in hande take we,
And welckome hym to this cittye,
With fayer procession.

QUINTUS CIVES.

With all the worshipe that I maye,
I welckome hym will to daye,

And spreade my clothes in the waye,
As sone as I hym see.

SEXTUS CIVES.

Thes mirackles approven apeartlye,
That from the father allmightie
He is comen, mankinde to by:
Yt maye no other be.

PRIMUS PUER.

Felowes, I harde my father saye
That Jesu the prophette will come to daie:
Theidder I rede we take the waie,
With braunches in our handes.

SECUNDUS PUER.

Make we myrth all that we maie,
Pleasante to that Lordes paie;
Hosanna, I rede by my faye,
To singe that wee founde.

Tunc ibunt pueri versus Jerusalem cantantes Hosanna cum ramis palmarum in manibus, et cives prosternent vestimenta sua in via, et cantabunt, Hosanna filio David, benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini, Hosanna in excelsis.

Tunc sedens Jesus super aseliam, videns civitatem flebit, et dicat Jesus:

JESUS.

A! Jerusalem, holye cittie!
Unknowen to daie it is to thee,
That peace thou haste canste thou not see,
But bale thou muste abyde;
Moche muste thou drighte yet some daie,
When wo shall fall on everye [waye,]

And thou begiled, the south to saye,
With sorowe on all syde;
Destroyed dilfullye, beaten downe,
No stonne with other in all this towne
Shall stande, for that the be unleven,
To kepe Christes commaundmente,
And Godes owne visitacion,
Done for mankindes salvacion;
For the have no devocion,
Nor dreaden not his dome.

Tunc Jesus equitabit versus civitatem, et omnes cives pannos suos in via prosternent, et cum venerit ad templum descendens de asina dicat vendentibus cum flagello:

Doe awaye, and use not this thinge,
For it is not my likinge;
You make my fathers dwellinge
A place of merchandise.

PRIMUZ MARCATOR.

What frecke is this that makes fare,
And casteth downe all our ware?
Come no man heither full yare,
That did us suche anoye.

SECUNDUS MARCATOR.

Owte! out! woes me!
My table with my moneye
Is spread abrode, well I see,
And naughte dare I saie.
Nowe it seemes well that he
Woulde attayne royalltie,
Elles this boulde durste he not be,
To make such araye.

PRIMUZ MARCATOR.

It seemes well he woulde be kinge,
That casteth downe thus our thinge,
And saith his fathers woninge
In this temple is.
Saye, Jesus, with thy janglinge,
What evidense or tockeninge
Shewest thou of thy raigninge,
That thou nowe dareste doe this?

SECUNDUS MARCATOR.

What signe nowe sheweste thou here,
That proves suche power,
To shende our ware in suche manere,
Maisterlye through thy mayne?

JESUS.

This temple here I maye destroye,
And through my mighte and my maisterye,
In dayes three it edifie,
And builde it up againe.

PRIMUZ MARCATOR.

Aha! Jesus, will thou soe?
This worde, as ever mote I goe,
Shalbe rehearsed before moe,
And Cayphas I shall tell.

Tunc Jesus ejiciet cum flagello ementes et vendentes.

JESUS.

Hye you faste this temple froe!
For marchandise shalbe here no moe;
In this place, be you never so throe,
Shall you no longer dwell.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

By deare God in magistie!
I am so wroth as I maye be,
And some waye I will wrecken me,
As sone as ever I maie.
My mayster Jesus, as men maye see,
Was rubbed heade, foote, and knye,
With oyntmente of more daintie
Then I see manye a daie.
To that I have greate envye,
That he suffred to destroye
More then all his good thrye,
And his dames towe.
Hade I of it hade maisterye,
I woulde have soulde it sone in hie,
And put it up in tresuerye,
As I was wonte to doe.
Whatsoever wes geven to Jesu,
I have kepte, since I hym knewe;
For he hopes I wilbe trewe,
His purse allwaie I bare.
Hym hade bene better, in good faye,
Hade spared oyntmente that daie,
For wrocken I wilbe some waie
Of waste that was done their;
Three hundreth penny worthes it was
That he let spill in that place;
Therefore God geve me harde grace,
But hymselfe shalbe soulde
To the Jewes, or that I sitte,
For the tenth penye of it;
And this my maister shalbe quite
My greffe a hundreth foulde.
Syr Cayphas and his companye
Conspirne Jesus to anoye;

Ther speche anon I will spie,
With falsehood for to fowle his ;
And yf the gladlye will doe why,
I shall teache them to hym in hie,
For of his counscell well knowe I
I maye beste begyle hym.

Tunc Judas pro tempore abiit, et Cayphas dicit.

CAYPHAS.

Lordinges, lokes on the lawe,
Harcken heither to my sawe,
To Jesu all men maye drawe
And likinge in hym hase.
Yf we let hym longe gone,
All men will leeve hym upon,
So shall the Romanes come anon,
And prive us of our place.
Therfore it is fullye my rede,
We caste howe he beste were dead ;
For yf he longe on life be leade,
Our lawe goeth all to naughte.
Therfore saie eichon his counscell
What maner a waye will beste avayle,
This same shrewe for to assayle :
Some sleighte their muste be soughte.

ANNAS.

Sir, you saie righte skilfullye :
But nedelye men muste espie,
By hym we cache noe vellanye,
To founde and fowle to faile ;
For you knowe as well as I,
Ofte we have founded to doe hym nye,
But ever he hath the victorye,
That we noe waye maie avayle.

PRIMUZ PHARASEUS.

Yea, sir, in temple he hath bene,
And trobled us with moche teene,
That when we wended and did wene
Of hym to have hade all our will,
Or ever we wiste he was awaie;
This maketh the people, in good faye,
To leve that he is Christe vereye,
And our lawe for to spill.

SECUNDUS PHARASEUS.

Yea, lordes, one poynte maye doe againe,
That lurden Lazarre shoulde be slayne;
For he raysed hym up againe,
That fower dayes hade bene deade;
For that mirackle moche of mayne,
To honour hym eicheon is fayne,
And Lazarre that dead was will not layne,
And he on life be leade.

CAYPHAS.

No more for south will manye moe,
That he has made to speake and goe,
And blinde that hath ther sighte also,
Loven hym steadfastlye;
And folowen hym fare and nere,
Preachinge to the people his power.
Therfore my witte is in a were,
To ordeyne remedye.

ANNAS.

And remedye muste ordeyned be,
Before this greate solempenitie;
Or elles maye other as well as we

Trusse and take our waie.
For when he come to this cittie,
All the worlde, as you maie se,
Honored hym upon ther knye,
As God had come that daie.

PRIMUZ PHARASEUS.

Also, lordinges, you sawe there,
Howe that he fareth with chaffere,
Caste it downe, God geve hym care!
That was so greate of price;
And also lowdlye he can lye,
Called the temple appeartlye
His fathers howse, full falslye,
Righte as it had bene his.

SECUNDUS PHARASEUS.

Lordinges, ther is no more to saie,
But loste is our lawe, I dare laye,
And he come on our Saboath daie,
That nowe approcheth nye;
Heale he anye lesse or more,
All men will leeve on his lore,
Therfore it is good to slea hym before,
Yf that we wilbe slye.

CAYPHAS.

Amonge our wittes let us see
To take hym with some subtiltie:
He shall have selver, goulde, and fee,
This thinge that woulde fulfill.

JUDAS.

Lordes, what will you geve me,
And I shall sone helpe that he

Slealye betraied be,
Righte at your owine will.

CAYPHAS.

Welckome, felowe, as have I roe,
That bargane woulde I fayne knowe.

JUDAS.

Let me see what ye will doe,
And laye downe selver here.
For the devell swope of my swire,
And I doe it without hyre,
Other for soveraigne or sire:
It is not my manere.

CAYPHAS.

Saye on what we shall geve thee,
To helpe that he tacken be,
And here is readye thy moneye,
To paye thee or thou passe.

JUDAS.

As ever mote I thrive or thee,
And I shewe my subtiltie,
Thirtye pennyes you shall geve me,
And not a farthinge lesse.

PRIMUZ PHARASEUS.

Yea, but thy troth thou muste p[l]ighte,
For to serve us arighte,
To betraye thy maister through thy mighte,
And have here thy moneye.

JUDAS.

Have here my truth, as I have tighte,
On Fridaie or it be nighte,

I shall bringe you to his sighte,
And tell which is he.

PRIMUZ PHARASEUS.

Ye bene brethren on a roe,
Which is he I can not knowe.

JUDAS.

Nowe a vereye signe I shall you shoe:
Espices whom I kisse,
And that is he, south to saie,
Take hym manfullye as you maie,
And lead hym slealye awaie,
Wheither your likinge is.

CAYPHAS.

Now loke thou serve us trewlye:
Thy maiste[r] is cominge us to espie.

JUDAS.

Truste well therto and sickerlye,
That he shall not eskape.
[And would God almighty,
The kinge of Fraunce may so affye,
In his realme or bareny,
That they were all so trewe!]
One Frydaye in the morninge
Espies on my cominge;
For wher that he is walkinge,
I will goe and espie.
With hym I thinke to eate and drinke,
And after tydinges to you bringe
Wher he shapes his dwellinge,
And come and tell you in hie.

Finis. Deo gratias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.
Come, Lorde Jesu, come quicklye. 1592.

XV. CHRIST BETRAYED.

The Bakers Playe.

Pagina decima quinta de coena Domini, et de ejus prodicione.

JESUS.

Brethren all, to me righte dere,
Come heither to me and you shall here,
The feaste of Ester you knowe draweth nere,
And nowe it is at hande;
That feaste nedes kepe muste we
With vereye greate solempenitie,
The pascall lambe eate muste we,
As the lawe do commaunde;
Therfore, Petter, loke that thou goe,
And John with thee shalbe also,
Prepare all thinges that belonges therto,
Accordinge to the lawe.

PETRUS.

Lorde, thy byddinge do will we,
But tell us firste wher it shalbe,
And we shall doe it speadelye,
And theidder will we drawe.

JESUS.

Goe into the cittie which you doe see,
And their a man meete shall ye,
With a watter pote that beareth he,
For so you maie hym knowe.
Into what howse that he shall goe,
Into the same howse enter ye also,

And saye the maister sende you too
His messuage for to shewe;
Saye 'the maister to thee us sente,
To have a place conveniente,
The paskalle lambe their to eate is my intente,
With my disciples all;'
A fayer parlore he will you shewe,
Ther prepare all thinges dewe,
Wher I with my retenewe
Fulfill the lawe we shall.

JOHN.

Al readye, Lorde, even thy will
Shortlye we towe shall fulfill,
And the faier cittie we shall goe till,
As faste as we maie.

Tunc Petrus et Johannes ibunt, ac hominem vas aquæ testaceum portantem alloquerentur, et annuntiabit eis domum heri sui.

PETRUS.

All heale, good felowe, hartelye!
To thy maisters howse I praye thee hye,
And we muste kepe thee companye,
Our messuage for to saye.

SERVANNS.

Come on your waie and folowe me,
My maisters howse sone shall you see,
Loe here it is verelye,
Saye nowe what you will.

Tunc domum intrant.

PETRUS.

Sir, the maister saluteth thee,
And as messingers send we be,

Therfore we praie thee hartelye
Take heede us untill;
The maister hath sente us to thee,
A place prepare for hym muste we,
The pascall lambe ther eate will he,
With his disciples all.

PATTER FAMILIUS.

Loe here a parlore all readye dighte,
With paved flowers and wyndowes brighte,
Make all thinges readye as you thinke righte,
And this have you shall.

JOHANNES.

Nowe, brother Petter, let us hye
The paskall lambe to make readye,
Then to our master will you and I
As faste as we maie.

Tunc adornant mensam, et revertunt.

PETRUS.

Thy commaundmente, Lorde, done have we,
The paskall lambe is made readie,
Therfore come one and you shall see,
And we shall leade the waie.

JESUS.

Nowe, brethren, goe to your seate,
This paskall lambe nowe lette us eate,
And then we shall of other thinges intreate
That be of greate effecte.
For knowe you nowe the tyme is come
That signes and shadowes be all done,
Therfore make haste that we maye sone
All figures cleane rejecte.

For nowe a newe lawe I wil begyne,
To helpe mankinde out of his synne,
So that he maye heaven wyne,
The which for synne he loste.
And here in presens of you all
Another sacrifice begine I shall,
To bringe mankinde out of his thrall,
For helpe hym nede I muste.

Tunc occumbit Jesus, ac Johannes in gremio dormiet.

Brethren, I tell you by and by,
With greate desier desiered have I
This Passeover to eate with you trewlye,
Before my passion;
For I saie to you sickerlye,
My fathers will allemightie
I muste fulfill meklye,
And ever to it be bowne.

Tunc Jesus accipit panem, frangit, et discipulis suis dat dicens

This breade I geve here my blessinge,
Take eate, brethren, at my byddinge,
Beleeve you well without leasinge,
This is my bodye,
That shall dye for all mankinde,
In remission of ther synne
Hereafter ever more.

Tunc accipiet calicem in manibus occulis levatis dicens

Father of heaven, I thanke thee,
For all that ever thou doste to me;
Brethren, take this with harte free,
For this is my bloode,
That shalbe shedde on the tree,

For more togeither drinke not we,
In heaven blesse tell that we be
To taste that ghostlye foode.

Tunc edit et bibit cum discipulis; et Judas Iscariot habebit manum in patina, et dicat Jesus

Brethren, for south I you saye,
On of you shall me betraye,
That eateth here with me to daye
In this companye.

PETRUS.

Alas! alas! and wayleawaye!
Whoe that maye be knowe I ney maie,
For I it is not in good faye
That shall doe suche a noye.

ANDREWAS.

Harde it is for us all
To whom this case shal befall,
We be but twelve in this halle,
Lorde, tell yf it be I.

JACOBUS.

Sorowfull for thes wordes be we:
Whoe it is I can not see;
Yf this case shall fall to me,
Lorde, tell me hastelye.

Tunc Judas intinget in patinam; Jesus dicens,

JESUS.

Through his deceate I am but dead,
That in my cupe weetes his breade,
Moche woe for his wicked reade
That wreche muste thole, i-wysse;

Well were hym hade he bene unborne,
For bodye and soule is bouth forlorne,
That falsclye so hath done beforne,
And yet in will is he.

JUDAS.

Leffe maister, is it I,
That shall doe thee this villanye.

JESUS.

Thou haste rede, Judas, redelye,
For suerlye thou arte he;
That thou shall doe do hastelye.

JUDAS.

Fare well, all this companye,
For on an errande I muste hie,
Undone it maye not be.

JESUS.

Brethren, take up this meate anon,
To another worke we muste gone,
Your feete shall wayshen be eichone,
To shewe all charittye;
And firste my feete I wil begine,
And wayshe you all that be herein,
On this deede that you maye mynde,
And meker for to be.

Tunc Jesus precinget corpus lintheolo, et dicit Petrus.

PETRUS.

A! Lorde, shall thou wayshe my feete?

JESUS.

That doe I, Petter, I thee beheighte,

The while more thou shall not witte,
But thou shall afterwarde.

PETRUS.

Naye, Lorde, for south in no manere
My feete thou ney wayshe here.

JESUS.

But I wayshe thee, withouten were,
Of joye gettes thou noe parte.

PETRUS.

Naye, Lorde, my feete maye welbe leade;
But wayshe my handes and my heade.

JESUS.

All is cleane, therfore I doe rede,
Thy feete shall wayshen be,
And you cleane but not all.

PETRUS.

Lorde, of wayle thou arte the walle;
And though it not wel befall,
Have here my feete to thee.

Tunc lavabit pedes omnium singulatim, et absterget lintheo.

JESUS.

My deare brethren, well witte ye,
That lorde and maister you will call me,
And well you saie as shoulde be,
I am and have bene yore.
Seith I have wayshen your feete here,
Your lorde and maister, in meeke manere,
Doe eichone so to other in fere,
As I have done before.

Tunc invicem omnes aliorum pedes lavant.

JESUS.

My littill children and my brethren free,
A littill while I maye with you be,
But theidder shall you not goe with me,
As I am nowe in waye;
But this southlye is my byddinge,
You love togeither in all thinge,
As I before with outflechinge
Have loved you trewlye [aye];
So all men maye knowe and se
My disciples that you be,
Falsehoode yf you allwayes fleye,
And loven well in feare.

PETRUS.

Lorde, wheither arte thou in waie?

JE.

Petter, theidder as I goe to daye,
Come ney sickerlye thou ne maye
This tyme in no manner a waye;
But thou shall theidder goe.

PE.

Why shall not it be soe?
My life I will put in woe,
And for thy sake be slayne.

JE.

Petter, I saye thee sickerlye,
Or the cocke have crowen thrye,
Thou shalte forsake my companye,
And take thy worde againe.
Brethren, let not your hartes be sore,

But leeve in God ever more,
And in me as you have before,
And care not for this case.
For in my fathers howse ther is
Manye woninges of greate blesse,
And theider I will goe nowe, i-wisse,
To porvaye you a place.
And though I goe from you awaie,
To purvaye a place for youer paie,
I come againe another daie,
And take you all with me.

THOMAS.

Lorde, we wote not in good faye,
What a gate thou wylte assaye ;
Tell us that we knowe maie
That gate, and goe with thee.

JESUS.

Thomas, I tell thee without strife,
In me is waye southnes and life,
And to my father noe man ney wife
Maye come without ;
And yf you knowe me verelye,
My father ye mighte knowe in hye,
From hensefourth, I saye sickerlye,
Knowe hym all shall ye.

PHILIPPE.

Lorde, lett us see thy father anon,
And it sufficeth us everye icheone.

JESUS.

A ! longe tyme you have with me goen,
Philippe, why sayes thou soe ?

Suerlye who seeith me,
Seith my father, I tell it thee :
Why willeth thou my father to se,
While I with you goe.
Philippe, leeves thou not this ?
That my father in me is,
And I in hym also, i-wisse,
And bouth we be one.
The workes I doe are his,
For his helpe maye I not misse ;
Wherfore to wyne you heaven blesse,
My deedes you leeve upon.
Whatsoever you aske my father deare
In my name, in good manere,
To fulfill it in full power,
All that is to my paye,
That my father in magistie,
By me glorified maye be,
And either as I saye to thee,
For one have bene [aye].
Yf that you love me hartfullye,
Kepe my byddinge trewlye,
And to my father praye will I,
To sende you the holye ghoste,
To abyde with you ever more ;
For the worlde knoweth not his lore,
But you that have knowen me yore
In you he shalbe moste.
Though I goe nowe to destresse,
I will not leeve you comfortles,
But leeves this well and expres,
Efte I will come againe ;
And then your hartes on a roe
Shalbe glade my blesse to knowe,
Which joy noe man shall take you froo,

Woulde he never so fayne.
Rise up and goe wheathen anon;
To my prayer I muste gone,
But sitte you still everye eichone,
My father while I calle.
Wake and have my beneson,
For fallinge into temptacion:
The speritte aye to balle is bonne,
And the fleshe ever readye to fall.

Tunc ibit Jesus oratum, et discipule pre dolore dormiunt.

Father of heaven, in magistie,
Glorifye, yf thy wil be,
Thy sonne that he maie gloryfie thee,
Nowe or I hense wende;
In eairth thou haste geven me posté,
And I have done with harte free
The worcke that thou charged me,
And broughte it to an ende.
Thy name have I made men to knowe,
And spared not thy will to shoe
To my disciples one a roe,
That thou haste geven me;
And nowe the knowe verelye,
That from the father sente am I,
Therfore I praye thee especiallye
Save them through thy mercye.

Tunc venit ad discipulos, et invenit dormientes, et dicit

What! slepe you brethren all here?
Rise up and make your prayer,
Leste temptacion have power
To make you for to falle;
The fleshe is, as I sayde before,
Inclyninge to synne sore,

And ghoste occupied ever more,
Therfore nowe wake all.

Tunc iterum ad orationem, et alta voce loquitur ; dicit,

My harte is in greate myslikinge,
For death that is to me cominge ;
Father, yf I dare aske this thinge,
Put this awaye from me ;
All thinge to thee possible is,
Neverthelesse yet in this
At your will I am, i-wisse,
As thou wylte let it be.

Tunc redit ad discipulos iterum.

You slepen, brethren, yet I see :
Slepe on nowe all ye,
My tyme is comen tacken to be,
From you I muste awaie ;
He that hath betrayed me,
This nighte from hym will I not fleye,
In sorye tyme borne was he,
And so he maye well saye.

Tunc Judas cum militum cohorte lanternis, facibus, et armis venit illuc, et dicat

JESUS.

You men, I aske, whom seeke ye ?

MALCHUS.

Jesus of Nazareth, hym seeke we.

JESUS.

Here, all readye, I am he ;
What have you for to saye ?

JUDAS.

A ! sweete maister, kisse thou me,
For it is longe synce I thee see,
And togeither we will fleye,
And steale from them awaie.

JESUS.

What seeke you, men, with suche a breath?

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

We seeke Jesus of Nazareth.

JESUS.

I saye yore, and yet I saye,
I am he, in good faye ;
Suffer thes men to goe ther waye,
And I am at your will.

MALCHUS.

False theiffe, thou shalt gone
To bushope Cayphas, and that anon,
Or I shall breake thy bodye and bone,
And thou be to late.

PETRUS.

Theiffe, and thou be so boulde
My maister so for to houlde,
Thou shalbe quite a hundreth foulde,
And onewarde take thou this!
Be thou so boulde, as thrive I,
To houlde my maister here in hye,
Full deare thou shall it bye!
But thou thee heithen dighte,
Thy eare shall of, by Godes grace,
Or thou passe from this place.

Tunc extrahet gladium, et abscidet auriculum Malchi.

Goe nowe to Cayphas,
And byde hym doe thee righte.

MALCHUS.

Out! alas! alas! alas!
By Cokes bones! my eare he hase!
Me is betyde a harde case,
That ever I come here!

JESUS.

Petter, put up thy sworde in hye!
Whosoever with the sworde smiteth gladlye,
With sworde shall perishe hastelye,
I tell thee, withouten were.

Tunc Jesus tetigerit auriculum et sanabit.

MALCHUS.

A! well ys me! well is me!
My eare is healed well, I see!
So mercifull a man is he,
Knewe I never non.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Yea, though he have healed thee,
Shute from us shall he not be,
But to sir Cayphas, as mote I thee,
With us shall he gone.

JESUS.

As to a theffe you come here,
With sworde and staves and armerer,
To take me in fowle manere,
And ende your wicked will.
In temple when I was with you aye,

No hande on me woulde you laye;
But nowe is comen tyme and daye
Your tallente to fullfill.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Come, caytiffe, to Cayphas,
Or thou shalte have a harde grace;
Trotte upon a prowder space,
Thou vile popilerde!
Though Bellsabube and Sathanas
Come to help thee in this case,
Bouth thy handes that thou hase
Shalbe bounde harde.

Finis. Deo gratias! per me Geo Bellin. 1592.

XVI. THE PASSION.

The Flechars, Bowyers, Coopers, and Stringers Playe.

Incipit pagina decima sexta de passione Christi; et primo venient Judei adducentes Jesum ad Annam et Caypham, et primo incipit

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Sir bushoppes, heare we have broughte
A wreche that moche wo has wroughte,
And woulde bringe our lawe to naughte,
Righte so at it hath he sppurned.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Yea, wyde were we have hym soughte,
And deare also we have hym boughte,
For heare manye mens thoughte
To hym he hase torned.

ANNAS.

A! janglinge Jesu, arte thou nowe here?
Nowe thou maye prove thy postie power,
Wheither thy cause be cleane and cleare,
Thy Christehoode we muste knowe.

CAYPHAS.

Me thinke a maisterye that it were
Other for penye or prayer,
To shutte hym of his dangere,
And suche [a sleight] to shewe.

ANNAS.

[Sir Cayphas, I saye seckerly,
We that bene in companye
Must needes this dosebeirde destroye,
That wickedly hase wroughte.]

ANNAS.

Sir, it is nedfull, this saye I,
That on man dye witterlye,
All the people to for-by,
So that the perishe naughte.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Sir Cayphas, harcken nowe to me,
This babelavante or kinge woulde be;
Whatsoever he sayes nowe before thee,
I harde hym saye full yore
That prince he was of such postee,
Destroye the temple well mighte he,
And bulde it up in dayes three,
Righte as it was before.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Yea, sicker that I harde hym saye,
He maye not denye, by no waye,
And also that he was God vereye,
Emanuell and Messie;
He maye not nye this ne saye ney,
For moe then fortye in good faye,
That in the temple were that daye,
Harden as well as I.

CAYPHAS.

Saye, Jesu, to this what sayen ye?
Thou wotteste nowe what is put on thee,

Put fourth, prince, thy postie,
And perceive what the proven.
What? devill of hell! not on worde speakes he!
Yet, Jesu, here I counger thee,
Yf thou be Godes sonne, here before mè
Answere to that the moven.

JESUS.

As thou sayes righte, so saye I,
I am Godes sonne almightie;
And heare I tell thee trewlye,
That me yet shall thou see
Sitte on Godes righte hande hym by,
Mankinde in cloudes to justiffye.

CAYPHAS.

Marye, justiffye! fye on thee, fye!
Wittnes of all this companye,
That falslye lyes he.
You heren all what he sayes heare!
Of wyttnes nowe what nede were,
For before all thes folke in fere
Lowdlye thou lyes.
What saye you, men, that nowe be here?

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Buffittes hym that makes this beare:
For to God he maye not be deare,
That our lawe so destroyes.

CAYPHAS.

Destroye shall he not it.
You wreches, ye wanten witte,
Founde that frecke a fitte,
And gurde hym on the face.

ANNAS.

Dispice hym, spurne, and spitte ;
Lett see, or you sitte,
Who has hape to hitte,
That us this harmed has.

Tunc Judei statuent Jesum in cathedram ; et dicat torquendo

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

For his harminge here,
Nighe will I nere,
This same lewde fere,
That makes our lawe false.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

He is, without were,
To the devill full deare.
Spitte we in feare,
And buffitte hym [als].

TERCIUS JUDEUS *exputans.*

Yea, harcken in this place nowe,
Howe he lyed hase nowe,
In medeste his face nowe
Fowle will I fowle hym.

QUARTUS JUDEUS *exputans.*

Passe he shall a pace nowe,
For God he hym makes nowe,
Gettes he no grace nowe,
When I maye begyle hym.

PRIMUS JUDEUS *dans alapam.*

Fye upon this freke !
Stowpe nowe and creke ;

Thy breynes to breake
Am I readye bowne?

Tunc Secundus Judeus dans alapam velando faciem Jesu, et dicat

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

His face will I stecke
With a cloth, or he creke,
And us all wrecke,
For my warryson.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

And thou be Messye,
And loth for to lye,
Whoe smote thee? crye,
Yf that thou be Christe.

[QUARTUS JUDEUS.

For all his prophesye,
Yet he fayles thrye,
Though my fiste flye,
Gettes he a feiste.]

PRIMUS JUDEUS *percutiens.*

Though he sore skricke,
A buffitte shall bytte,
Maye no man me whytte,
Though I doe hym woe.

[SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Hym fayles to flytt,
Or ought to despitte;
For he hase to lite,
Now must he have moe.]

TERCIUS JUDEUS *percutiens.*

And moe yet I maye,
I shall sone assaye,
And shewe large paye,
Thou prince, on thy pate.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Yf he saye ney,
I shall [in] faye
Laye on, I dare laye
It is not to late.

Tvnc cessabunt ab alapis, et dicat

CAYPHAS.

Lordinges, what is your beste rede?
This man hase served to be dead,
And yf he lightlye thus be lead,
Our lawe cleane will slepe.

ANNAS.

Sir, it is full myne advise,
Leade we hym to the highe justice;
Sir Pilate is bouth ware and wise,
And hase the lawe to kepe.

Tunc Cayphas et Annas et Judei adducant Jesum ad Pylatum: dicat Cayphas:

CAYPHAS.

Sir Pilate, here we bringe one,
That false is and our elders fone,
Tribute maye be geven non
To Ceser for hym here.
Whersoever he and his felowes gone,
The torne the folkes to them eichone;

Nowe aske we dome hym upon,
Of thee that has power.

ANNAS.

Sicker he is our elders foe:
Whersoever he goeth to or froe,
That he is Christe and kinge also
He preaches appeartlye.
Wiste Ceser that, he would be woe,
Suche a man if we let goe;
Therfore to dampne hym we bene throe,
Lest he us all destroye.

PILATUS.

Per vous, sir Cayphas,
Dye vous, sir Annas,
Et sum dispte Judas,
Vel atres in finte.
Come up, lordinges, I you praye,
And we shall heare what he will saie
Amonge this felowshipe here.
What sayeste thou, man in misserye?
And thou be kinge of Jewes, saye.

JESUS.

Soe thou sayes, men heare maie,
A kinge that thou me mase.

PILATUS.

No cause fynde I, in good faye,
To doe this man to death to daie.

CAYPHAS.

Sir, the people, us to myspaye,
Converted to hym all he has.

ANNAS.

Yea, all the lande of Gallalye,
Cleane torned to hym hase he;
Therfore dome nowe aske we,
This false man to doe downe.

PILATUS.

Wher as he was borne, ther seene ye,
To Herode sende sone shall he be,
Elles rafte I hym his royalltye,
And blemished his renowne.
Goe leade hym to Herode in hye,
And saye I send hym to justifie
This man of which he hath maisterye,
At his owine likinge.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Hym shall you have full hastelye,
And leade hym theider anon will I.
Come thou fourth with thy ribaldrye,
And speake with our kinge.

Tunc ibunt duo Judei adducentes Jesum ad Herodem, et dicat Primus Judeus.

Sir kinge, heare sir Pilate hath you sente
A shrewe that our lawe has shente,
For to have his judgmente,
Or he hense awaye wende.

HERODES.

A! welckome, Jesu, veremente,
And I thanke Pilate of this presente,
For ofte tymes I have bene in that intente,
After thee to have sende.

Jesu, moche have I harde of thee,
Some vertue fayne nowe woulde I see.
Yf thou from God in magistie
Be comon, tell us heare:
I praye thee saye nowe to me,
And prove some of thy postie,
And moche the gladder would I be,
Trulye all this yeaire.

Jesu nichil respondebit, et dicit Herodes.

What! I wene that man is wood,
Or elles dompe and can noe good!
Suche a stalwarde before me [never] stood,
So stowte and stearne is he.
Speake on, Jesus, for cockes bloode,
For Pilate shall not, by my hoode,
Doe thee non amysse, but mende thy moode,
And speake somewhat with me.
Alas! I am nighe woode for woe,
Me thinke this man is wounder throo,
Dombe and deafe as a doted doo,
Or franticke, in good faye.
Yet seinge that Pilate hath done soe,
The wrath that was betwene us too
I forgeve, noe more to be his foe,
To be after this daye.
Cloth hym in whyte, for in this case,
To Pilate it maye be solace;
For Jewes custom before was,
To clouth men that were wood,
Or madde nowe as he hym mase,
As well seemes by his face:
For hym that has loste his grace
This garment is full good.

Tunc Judei induent eum veste alba, et dicat

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Have this, Jesus, upon thee,
A worshipffull weede, as thinkes me,
Of the kinges livereye,
That nowe is on thee lighte.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Put thee fourth, thou maye not fley,
Nowe thou arte in thy royaltye,
Sir Herode kinge be leeve of thee,
And graunte mercye guyfte.

Tunc redeunt duo Judei ad Pilatum adducentes Jesum in veste alba, et dicat

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Sir Pilate, here the kinge hath sente
Jesus againe, and seith we wente,
He hath forgotten his male intente,
For thy deed to daye.

PILATUS.

Yea, faulte in hym can I fynde non,
Ne Herode has seene heare upon,
Therfore it is beste we let hym gone
Wheither he will his waie.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Nay, ney, we all cryne with one voyce,
Nayle hym to the crosse!

PILATUS.

You men, for shame, let be your noyse,—
My counscell will I saye.

You knowe eichon the manere,
Delivered muste be a prisoner,
This feaste that nowe approcheth nere,
For honour of the daye.
Will you Jesus delivered be?

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Neye, suffer the death worthy is he,
And ther upon all crye we,
And Barabam reserved.

PILATUS.

What shall I doe with Jesus heare,
That Christe is called and kinge in feare?

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Nayle him on the crosse, in all manere,
For so he hath deservede.

PILATUS.

Nowe seinge I se you soe fervente,
And shapen that he shalbe shente,
Wayshe I will here in your presente,
Waxe you never so woode;
You shall all witte veramente,
That I am cleane and innocente,
And for to sheede in noe intente
This rightwise mans bloode.

Tunc Pilatus lavabit manibus, et Cayphas et Annas recedent cum Pilato: dicat

PILATUS.

You prelates, here everye eichone
What? will you doe let hym gone?

CAYPHAS.

Nayle, nayle hym to the crosse anon,
And deeme hym or thou leve.

PILATUS.

Take you hym that be so gryme,
And after your lawe deme you hym.

ANNAS.

Nay, that is not lawfull, leith ner lym
For us no man to reve.

PILATUS.

What devill of hell is this to saye?
Jesus, tell me, I thee praye,
Arte thou kinge, saye yea or nay,
Of Jewes by auncestrye?

JESUS.

Wheither hopest thou it so be,
Or other men toulde it thee?

PILATUS.

Naye, faye! thy selfe maie knowe and see
That noe Jewe am I.
Men of thyn owne nacion
Shewen for thy damnacion,
With manye accusacion,
And all this daie have.
Arte thou kinge? saye, for all ther crye.

JESUS.

My relme in this worlde saye I
Is not; but, were it witterlye,
With Jewes were I not tane.

And yf my realme in this worlde were,
Strive with you I would nowe here,
And leade with me suche power,
Shoulde prive you of your praye.
But my mighte in this manere
Will I not prove, nor nowe apeare
As worldlye kinge, my cause uncleare
Were then, in good faye.

PILATUS.

Ergo, a kinge thou arte or was.

JESUS.

That thou sayeste it is no lesse.
But nowe I tell thee heare exspres,
That kinge I am and maye be.
In worlde I came to beare wittnes
Of southnes, therfore borne I was,
And all that leeven southnes,
Take heede to that I saye.

PILATUS.

What is southnes? tell thou me.

JESUS.

Southnes came from Godes see.

PILATUS.

In yeairth then hath truth no postye,
In thyne opinion?

JESUS.

Howe shoulde truth on earth be,
Whyle so demed in eairth is he
Of them that hath non authorittie
In yeairth, againste reason?

PILATUS.

Lordinges, I finde no cause, i-wisse,
To dampne this man that here is.

CAYPHAS.

Pilate, he hath done moche amisse:
Let hym never passe.
By Moyses lawe leven we,
And after that lawe dead shall he be,
For apeartlye preachead has he
Godes sonne that he was.

ANNAS.

Yea, Pilate, he that makes hym apeare
Other to kinge or kinges feare,
Withsaith Ceaser of his power,
And so we have done with hym;
And whoso called hym selfe a kinge here,
Reves Ceaser of his power.

PILATUS.

Anon goe scorge this losingere,
And beate hym leith and lym.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Come, nowe, with care,
Frecke, for thy fare,
On thy bodye bare
Strockes shalte thou beare.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Caste of thy ware,
Of all thy clothes yare
Starte nowe and stare,
This stalwarde I will steare.

Tunc spoliabunt ipsum et ligabunt ad columnam, et dicat

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Nowe he is bounden ;
Be he never so wounden,
Sone he shalbe founden
With flapes in feare.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

In woe he is wounden,
And his grane is gronden ;
No lade unto London
Suche lawe can hym lere.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Nowe seith he kinge is,
Whyte is clothinge is,
Begger to thee I bringe this,
Thee for to weare.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

All ye lythinge this is,
That of oulde spronge is,
Of thornes this thinge is,
Thee for to weare.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Nowe thou haste a weed,
Have heare a reede,
A cepter I thee bide,
A kinge for to be.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Harvye, take heede,
This muste I need,

For my fowle deed,
Knele upon my knye.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Heale, kinge of Jewes!
That so manye men rewes,
Riball, thee rewes
With all thy reverence.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

With irone on hym hewes,
On his hyde hewes;
Anoyntmente the newes,
For thyn offence.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

To wryte in his face,
Thou that thee kinge mase,
Noe my nose hase
Good spice of the newe.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

With a harde grace
Thou came to this place,
Passe thou this race,
Sore shall thou rewe.

PILATUS.

Lordinges, here you maye se
Your kinge all in his royaltye.

CAYPHAS.

Naye, sir, for south no kinge have we,
Save the emperowre of Rome, perdye!
And but thou nayle hym to the treey,
The emperower wrath wilbe.

ANNAS.

All we saye righte as saith he,
Deme hym whyle thou haste tyme.

PILATUS.

Wheither of them will you hane,
Jesus Christe or Barabam?

CAYPHAS.

Naye Jesus, this traytor that is tane,
Muste nayled be to the tree,
And let Barrabam goe his waie.

PILATUS.

Take hym to you nowe, as I saye;
For save hym I ney maye,
Undone but I woulde be.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

This dome is at an ende.
Nowe rede I that we wende,
This shrewe for to shende,
A littill here besyde.

[*Ponet crucem super dorsum, et dicat*]

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Heare shall thou not lende:
Come heither and be hynd,
Thy backe for to bende,
Hit maye thou not abyde.

[*Tunc ibunt versus montem Calvariæ.*]

The damsell doth speake to Petter.

Was not thou with Jesus of Nazareth?

PETTER.

I knowe hym not, or what thou saies.

DAMSELL.

Sires, I tell you playne,
This man here is on of them
That was with hym in the garden,
I knowe it to be trewe.

PETTER.

It is not trewe, so mote I thee,
I knowe hym not by any degree.

THE JEWE.

One of them thou arte assuredlye,
And thou arte also of Gallalye,
Thy speche clearlye bewrayeth thee,
In wittnes of us all.

PETTER.

In faith and troth, that is not so:
Shame have I, and mickell wo,
Yf ever I did hym before knowe,
Or kepte hym companye.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin.

Come, Lorde Jesu, come quicklye. 1592.

The ende of this storye is begennan in the nexte leafe ffollowinge.

XVII. THE CRUCIFIXION.

The Iremongeres Playe.

Incipit pagina de Crucifixione Christi et de his que fuerunt in eundo versus locum Calvarye; et incipit

CAYPHAS.

Nowe of this segger we bene secker,
All againste us boote he not to becker,
Though he flyer, flatter, and flicker,
This fiste shall he not fleey.
Thou, Jesu, woulde be our kinge,
Goe fourth, evell joye thee wringe!
For wrocken on thee at our likinge
Full sone shall we be.
Gurde on faste and make hym goe;
This frecke that is our elders foe,
For all his wyles, from this woe
Shall no man hym warne.

ANNAS.

Hym seemes wearye on his waye;
Some helpe to gette I will assaye,
For this crosse, in good faye,
So farre he maye not beare.
Come heither, Symon of Surrye,
And take this crosse anon in hye,
Unto the mounte of Calverye,
Helpe that it were borne.

SYMON.

The devell speed this companye !
For death he is not worthy.
For his sake sickerlye,
I houlde you all forlorne.
To beare no crosse am I intente,
For it was never myne assente
To procure this prophettes judgmente,
Full of the hollye ghoste.

CAYPHAS.

Symon, but thou wilbe shente,
And suffer payne and imprisonmente,
This crosse upon thy backe thou hente,
And let be all thy boste.

SYMON.

Alas, that ever I heither come !
Woulde God I hade bene at Rome !
When I the waye heither come,
This to be anoyed.
But God I take to wittnes,
That I doe this by destresse ;
All i-wysse through your falsnes
I hope wilbe destroyed.

ANNAS.

Have done : bringe fourth these theifes towe,
On ether syde hym the shall goe,
This frecke shalbe handled soe
With fellowshipe in feare.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Take them heare bounde faste,

While this whippecorde maye laste;
For the prime of the daye is paste,
Howe longe shall we be heare.

[*Tunc Jesum et duos latrones abducent, et venient mulieres, quarum dicat prima*]

PRIMA MARIA.

Alas! alas! and woes me!
A dilfull sighte is this to see;
So manye sicke saved has he,
And nowe goeth this awaye.

SECUNDA MARIA.

Sorowfull maye his mother be,
To see thy flecke, so fayer and free,
Nayled fowle upon a tree,
As he mon be to daye.

JESUS.

You wemen of Jerusalem,
Weepe not for me, ney make no swene,
But for your owne barne teame
You mon reme tenderlye;
For tyme shall come withouten were
Ye shall blesse balé that never childe bare,
And pape that milke never came nere,
So niche is your anoye.

CAYPHAS.

Hase done, you tormenters, tyte,
And spill hym that hase done us spitte.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Yea, though he bouth grone and skricke,
Out he shalbe shaken.

Be thou wroth, or be thou fayne,
I wilbe thy chamberlayne,
This cotte gettes thou never againe,
And I maye be wacken.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

This cotte shalbe myne,
For it is good and fyne,
And seame is non therin
That I can see.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Yea, God geve me pyne,
And that shalbe thyne ;
For thou arte ever inclyne
To drawe towardes thee.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Naye, felowe, by this daye,
At the dyce we will playe,
And ther we shall assaye
This weede for to wyne.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

A ! ffelowe, by this daye,
Well can thou saye,
Laye fourth those clothes, laye
On borde, or you blyne.

[*Tunc spoliabunt Jesum vestibus, et stabit nudus quousque sortiati sunt.*]

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Felowes, nowe lettes see,
Here are dyce three,

Which of all we
Shall wyne this ware.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Naye, parted the shalbe,
For that is egallye;
Therfore, as mote I thee,
Or we hense fare.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

This cote boute seame
To breake yt were shame,
For in all Jerusalem
Is non suche a garmente.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

His dame nowe maye dreame,
For her owine barne teame,
For nother ante nor yeme
Gettes this gaye garmente.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

His other clothes all
To us fower can fall,
Firste parte them I shall,
And after playe for this.
This kertell myne I call,
Take thou this paulle,
Eich man in this halle
Wottes I do not amisse.
This keirtell take to thee, (*ad secundum*)
And thou this to thy fee; (*ad tercium*)
Iche man maye nowe see,
That all we be servede.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Yea, nowe I redde that we
Sitte downe, as mote I thee,
And loke whose this shalbe
That is heare reserved.

[*Tunc sedebunt omnes*]

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Nowe will I begyn
For to caste, or I blyn,
This coote for to wyn,
That is bouth good and fyne.

[*Jacet et perdit.*]

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

By my father kyn,
No parte as thou therin!
But or I hethen wyn,
This cote shalbe myne.
Take heare, I dare laye,
Are dublettes, in good faye.

[*Jacet et perdit.*]

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Thou ffayles, felowe, by my faye,
To have this to thy fee,
For here is catter traye;
Therfore goe thou thy waye,
And as well thou maye,
And leeve this with me.

[*Jacet et perdit.*]

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Felowes, veramente,
I reade we be at one assente,

This gaye garmente,
That is boute seame,
Nowe geve by judgmẽte.
For synnes God hath me sente,
Thinke you never so sweyne.

[*Jacet et vincit.*]

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

As have I good grace,
Well wone it thou haste,
For synnes ther was,
That everye man maye see.

CAYPHAS.

Men, for cockes face!
Howe longe shall Pewdreas
Stande nacked in that place?
Goe nayle hym to the tree.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Anon, maister, anon!
A homer have I one,
As fare as I have gon,
Is non suche another.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

And heare are, by my pon!
Nayles good wone,
To nayle hym upon,
And he were my brother.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Goe we to hit faste;
This caitiffe I have caste;

He shalbe wronge wraste,
Or I wende awaye.

PRIMUZ JUDEUS.

Heare is a rope will laste
To drawe hym at the maste.
This popelarde never paste
So parleues a playe.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Layes hym theruppon,
This madde massed man,
And I will drive one
This nayle to the ende.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

As brocke I my pon,
Well caste hym I can,
And make hym full wonn,
Or I from hym wende.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Fellowes, will ye see
Howe sleighte I shalbe,
This feiste, or I fleye,
Heare to make faste?

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Yea, but as mote I thee,
Shorte armed is he,
To the boweringe of this tree
He will not well laste.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

And therfore care thou naughte;

A slighte I have soughte,
Roopes must be boughte,
To streyne hym with strengthe.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

A roope, as beheighte,
You shall have in broughte,
Take it heare well wroughte,
And hym in lengthe.

[*Tunc ligabunt cordam ad sinistram manum quia dextra erat prius s'pa.*]

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Drawes, for your father kyn,
Whyle that I dryve in
This same iron pynne,
That I dare laye will laste.

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

As ever have I wynne,
His arme is but a fynne:
Nowe drives one bout dyn,
And we shall drawe faste.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Fellowes, by this daye lighte,
Nowe were his feete dighte,
This gamon wente on righte,
And up he shoulde be raysed.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

That shalbe done in hye,
Anon in your sighte;
For by my troth i-plighte,
I serve to be praysed.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Fellowes, will you see
Howe I have streched his knye?
Why prayse you not me
That have so well done?

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

Yea, helpe nowe that he
On highe raysed be,
For, as mote I thee,
Allmoste it is nonne.

Tunc Pilatus habens tabulam in manu dicat.

PILATUS.

Come heither thou, I commaund thee,
Goe nayle this table upon the tree,
Seinge he will kinge of Jewes be,
He muste have a cognisens;
Jesus of Nazareth, men maye see,
Kinge of Jewes, howe liketh thee,
Is wrytten theron, for so sayde he
Withouten varyence.

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Naye, yf Pilate to us byde,
Kinge is he non, so God me speed!
Therfore thou doste a sorye deed,
This wryttinge manye a man rewes;
Thou shoulde wryte that man mighte read,
Howe he lyes to eich leede,
And toulde over all ther as he yeide
That he was kinge of Jewes.

PILATUS.

That that is wrytten I have wrytten.

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

And in good faith that is fowle wrytten,
For everye man maye well witten,
That wrongh thou haste wroughte.
What the devill! kinge is he non,
But falslye ther as he hath gone
He hath toulde leassinges manye one,
That deare the shoulde be boughte.

[*Tunc omnes crucem exaltabunt.*]

Tunc venit Maria lacrimans.

MARIA.

Alas! my love, my life, my lere,
Alas! nowe mourninge, woes me!
Alas! sonne, my boote thou be,
Thy mother that thee bare.
Thinke on my fronte I fostred thee,
And gave thee sucke upon my [knee],
Upon my payne thou have pittie,
Thou feeleste no power.
Alas! why will my life forlorne,
To fynde my sonne heare me beforne,
Toged, lugged, and all to-torne
With traytores nowe this tyde;
With nayles throuste and crowne of thorne;
Therfore I mone even and morne,
To see my byrth that I have borne
This bitter balle to abyde.
Alas! my sorowe when wilte thou slake,
And to these traytors me betake,
To suffer death, sonne, for thy sake,
And do as I thee save?
Alas! theives, why doe you so?
Sleayes me, let my sonne goe,

For hym suffer I woulde this woo,
And let hym wende awaye.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Alas! howe shoulde my harte be lighte,
To see my semlye lorde in sighte
Dilfullye torne and so dighte,
That did never man greavance!
Marred I am mayne and mighte,
And for hym fayles me to feighte;
But God that rules ever the righte,
Geve you mickell mischaunce.

MARIA JACOBI.

Alas! sorowe sittes me sore,
Myrth of thee I gette noe more.
Why wouldeste thou dye, Jesu, therfore,
That to the deade gave liffe?
Helpe me, Jesu, with some thinge,
And out of this bitter bale me bringe,
Or elles slaye me for anye thinge,
And stinte me of this strife.

MARIA SALOME.

Come downe, Lorde, and breake thy bandes,
Lose and heale thy lovelye handes,
Or tell me, Jesus, for whom thou wonnes,
Seinge thou arte god and man?
Alas! that ever I borne was,
To see thy bodye in suche a case,
My sorowe will never slacke nor cease,
Such sorowe is me upon.

ANNAS.

Nowe this shrewe hoven on heighte

I will see, for all his sleighte,
For his crowne howe he can feighte,
And farre from us to fleye;
He that hase healed manye one,
Nowe save hym selfe, yf that he can,
And than all we will leeve hym uppon
That it southlye so is.

JESUS.

Father of heaven, if thy wilbe,
Forgeve them this the do to me,
For the bene blynde, and maye not see
Howe fowle the done amisse.

CAYPHAS.

Yf thou be of suche postye,
And Godes sonne in magistie,
Come downe, and we will leeve on thee
That it southlye so ys.

The firste theiffe.

PRIMUS LATRO.

Yf thou be Christe verreye,
And Godes sonne, nowe, as I saye,
Save us from this death to daye,
And thy selfe alsoe.

The secound theiffe.

SECUNDUS LATRO.

A! man, be still, I thee praye,
Dreade God I reade thee aye,
For foulye thou speakeste in faye,
Make not thy frende thy foe.
Man, thou wottest well, i-wysse,
That rightwislye we suffer this,

For he hath not done so moche amisse,
To suffer suche greate anoye.
But, Lorde, I beseeke thee,
When thou arte in thy magistie,
Then that thou wylte thinke on me,
And on me have mercye.

JESUS.

Man, I tell thee, in good faye,
For thy beleffe is so verrey,
And in Parradice thou shalt be to daie,
With me their in my blesse.
And, woman, to thee also I saye,
By thee thy sonne their thou se maie,
That cleane virgine hath bene aye,
Righte as thy selfe one is;
And John, ther thy mother thou maie se.

JOHN.

Yea, Lorde, her keper I shalbe;
Welckome, mother, Marye free,
Togeither we muste goe.

MARYE THE FIRSTE.

Alas! my harte will barste in three;
Alas! death, I counger thee,
The life sonne thou take from me,
And tweyne me from this woe.

JOHN.

Comforte thee nowe, sweete Marye;
Though we suffer this anoye,
Sister, I tell thee sickerlye,
On live thou shall hym see,
And rise with full victorye,

When he hath fulfilled the prophescye,
Thy sonne thou shall see sickerlye,
Within thes daies three.

JESUS.

Eloye! Eloy! my God! I speake to thee,
Eloye, Lazamabathanye!
Why haste thou this forsaken me?

PRIMUS JUDEUS.

A! harcke howe he cryeth upon Eley,
To deliver hym of his anoye!

SECUNDUS JUDEUS.

Abyde, and we shall see in hye,
Wheither Eloye dare come heither or noe.

JESUS.

My thurste is sore, my thurste is sore!

TERCIUS JUDEUS.

Yea, thou shalte have drinke therfore,
That thou shall liste drinke no more
Of all this seven yeaire.

JESUS.

Mightie God in magistie,
To worcke thy will I would never wende;
My spiritte I betake to thee,
Receive it, Lorde, into thy handes,
Consummatum est.

CENTURIO.

Lordinges, I saye you sickerlye,
This was Godes sonne almightie;

Noe other for south leeve will I,
For nedes so it muste be :
I knowe by manner of his crye,
He hath fullffilled the prophescye,
And godhead sheweth appeartlye,
In hym all men maye knowe.

CAYPHAS.

Centuryo, so God me speede,
Thou muste be smutted, thou canste not read,
But when thou seiste his harte bleede,
Lett us see what thou can saye.
Longes, take the speare in hande,
And put from thee, thou ney wounde.

LONGEUS.

O Lorde, I see ney sea nor lande
This seven yeaire in good faye.

QUARTUS JUDEUS.

Have this speare, and take good heede,
Thou muste doe as the bushoppe thee bede,
A thinge that is of full greate nede,
To warne I houlde you woode.

LONGYUS.

I will doe as ye byde me,
But on your perrill it shalbe.
What I doe I maye not se,
Wheither it be evill or good.

Tunc Longius lancea perforat latus Christi, dicens

Highe kinge of heaven, I thee praye,
What I have done well wotte I nere,
But on my handes and on my speare

Out watter ronneth through ;
And on my eyes some can fall,
That I maye see bouth on and all.
O Lorde ! wherever be this wall,
That this watter come froo ?
Alas ! alas ! and wayleawaie !
What deed have I done to daie ?
A man I see, south to saye,
I have slayne in the streete.
But this I hope be Christe vereye,
That sicke and blynde hase healed aye.
Of mercye, Lorde, I thee praie,
For I wiste not what I did.
Jesus, moche have I harde of thee,
That sicke and blynde through thy pittie
Hase healed before in this cittie,
As thou hasse me to daie ;
Thee will I serve and with thee be,
For well I leeve, in daies three,
Thou will rise in thye postie,
From enemyes, Lorde, I thee praie.

JOSEPHE.

A ! Lorde God, what hartes have ye,
To slea this man that I heare see
Deade hanginge uppon roode tree,
That never yet did amysse ?
For suerlye Godes sonne is he ;
Therfore a tombe is made for me,
Therin his bodye buryed shalbe,
For he is kinge of blesse.

NICODEMUS.

Sir Josephe, I saye sickerlye,
This is Godes sonne allmightie ;

Goe aske at Pilate his bodye,
And buryed he shalbe;
I shall helpe thee witterlye,
To take hym downe devoutlye,
Though Cayphas goe horne-wood therby,
And all his meanye.

[JOSEPH AB ARA.

To Pilate, brother, will we gone,
You and I togeather alone,
To ask his body of our fone,
If that it be thy read.
A sepulchre I wott ther is one,
Well graved in a stonne;
He shall be buryed flesh and bone,
His body that is dead.]

Tunc venit Joseph ab Aramathia ad Pilatum et dicat Josephe:

JOSEPHE.

Sir Pilate, speciallye I thee praie,
A boune thou graunte me as thou maie;
This prophette that is dead to daie,
Thou graunte me his bodye.

PILATUS.

Josephe, all readye in good faye,
Yf that Centurio he will saye,
That he is dead, withouten naye,
Hym will I not denye.
Centurio, is Jesus deade?

CENTURIO.

Yea, sir, as eate I bread,

In hym ther is no life leade,
For I stoode their by.

PILATUS.

Josephe, take hym then to thee,
And burye hym wher thy wil be.
[But look thou make no sigaldry,
To rayse him up agayne.]

JOSEPHE.

Graunte mercye, sir, perdye!
I thanke you hartelye.

Tunc ibit Josephe super montem, et dicat Josephe:

A! sweete Jesu, sweete Jesu,
As thou arte good, faythfull, and trewe,
In a tombe is made full newe
Thy bodye shall in be layde.
Shouldeste thou never have such vertue
As thou hast shewed since I thee knewe,
But if godheade thy deed should shewe
As thou before hath saide.
Therwith, Jesus, com heither to me;
Thy blessed bodye shall buryed be,
With all worshippe and honistie,
And mirth all that I maye;
Yet hope I within thes daies three,
In fleshe and bloode on live to see
Thee, that arte nayled on a tree
Unworthelye to daye.

NICODEMUS.

Josephe, brother, as I well see,
This hollye prophette is geven to thee;

Some worshipe he shall have of me,
That is of mighte moste ;
For as I leeve, by my lewtye,
Verreye Godes sonne is he,
For wounderous sighte men maie se,
When that he eyled the ghoste :
For the sonne loste all his lighte,
Eairthquake made men afrighte,
The roccke that never before clyfte,
Clave that men mighte knowe ;
Graves opened in mens sighte,
Dead men did rise therfore by righte ;
I maye saye this was Godes sonne almighte,
That so greate signes can shewe.
Therfore broughte have I
A hundreth poundes of spicerye,
Myrre, alowes, manye more therby
To honour hym will I bringe,
For to balmbe his sweete bodye,
In sepulcher for to lye,
That he maye have of me mercye
In heaven wher he is kinge.

Finis. Deo gracias ! per me, Georgi Bellin.

Come, Lorde Jesu, come quicklye. anno. 1592.

Anno Domini 1592.

XVIII. THE HARROWING OF HELL.

The Cookes Plaie.

Hic incipit pagina decima septima, de decensu ad inferna et de his que ibidem fiebant, secundum evangelium Nicodemi: et primo fiat lux in inferno materialis aliqua subtilitate machinata, et postea dicat Adam:

ADAM.

O Lorde and soveraigne Savyour,
Our comforte and our counsceloure,
Of this lighte thou arte auctour,
As I see well in sighte;
This is a signe thou will succoure
Thy folkes that lyne in great langoure,
And of the devil be conquerour,
As thou hase eyer beheighte.
Me thou madeste, Lorde, of claye,
And gave me Parradice in to plaie,
But through my synne, the south to saie,
Deprived I was therfroo;
And from that wayle put awaie,
And heare hath longed, south to saye,
In thesternes bouth nighte and daye,
And all my kinde also.
Nowe by this lighte that I nowe see,
Joye is comon, Lorde, through thee,
And of thy people thou hase pittye,
To put them out of paine;
Sicker it maye non other be,

But nowe thou hase mercye on me,
And my kinde, through thy postye,
Thou wylte restore againe.

ESAYUS.

Yea, suerlye, this same lighte
Comes from Godes sonne allmight,
For so I prophescied arighte
While that I was livinge:
Then I to all men behighte,
As I ghostlye sawe in sighte,
Thes wordes that I shall to my mighte
Rehearse without tarryinge.

Populus qui ambulabat in tenebris vidit lucem magnam.

The people, I sayde that tyme exspresse,
That eylden about in theesternes,
Seithen a full greate lightnes,
As you do nowe icheone;
Nowe is fullfilled my prophescye,
That I, the prophett Esaye,
Wrote in my boke that will not lye,
Whoe so will loke therone.

SIMEON JUSTUS.

And I, Semion, south to saye,
For when Christe child was, in good faye,
In temple I hym toke,
And as the holye ghoste that daie
Taughte me or I wente awaie,
Thes wordes I sayde to Godes paye,
That men maie fynde in boke.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine, secundum verbum tuum in pace.

Ther I prayed, withouten lesse,
That God will let me be in peace,
For he is Christe that comen was,
I hade bouth felde and seene,
That he had ordeyned for mans heale,
Joye to the people of Isarell,
Nowe as it wone that eke wayle,
To us withouten wene.

JOHANES BAPTISTA.

Yea, Lorde, I am that prophett John
That baptised thee in floude Jordan,
And preached to everye nacion,
To warne of thy cominge;
To bringe the people to saulvacion
By mirrette of thy bitter passion,
Through faith and pennance to have remission,
And with thee to have woninge.

Penetenciam agite, appropinquat enim regnum celorum:
et dicat.

And with my finger I shewe exspres
Mercye concluded rightwisenes,
Therfore thes wordes I doe rehearse,
With honour unto thee.

Ecce agnus Dei, ecce qui tollit peccata mundi.

SEITH.

And I, Seith, Adames sonne, am heare,
That livinge wente, withouten were,
To aske a Parradice a prayer
At God, as I shall saye;
That he woulde graunte an angell in hye,
To geve to me oyle of his mercye,
To anoynte my father in his anoye,

In sicknes when he laye.
Then to me appeared Michell,
And bade me travayle never a deale,
And sayde for reminge nor praiers fell
That graunte me not to seeke ;
Nor of that oyle mighte I have non,
Made I never so moche mone,
Tell five thousande yeaires were gone
And fyve hundreth eke.

Omnibus flectentibus dicat

DAVID.

A ! highe God, and kinge of blesse,
Worshiped be thy name i-wisse ;
I hope that tyme nowe comen is,
Delivered to be of langure.
Come, Lorde, come to hell anon,
And take out thy folke everye eichone,
For the yeaires al be comon and gone,
Since mankinde came firste here.

Tunc Sathan sedens in cathedra dicat demonibus.

Hell houndes all that bene heare,
Make you bowne with boste and beare,
For to this fellowshipe in feare
Their hyes a fearlye freacke :
A noble morscell you have mon,
Jesus, that is Godes sonne,
Comes he heither with us to wonne,
On hym nowe ye you wrecke.
A man he is fullye in faye,
For greatlye death he dread to daie,
And thes wordes I harde hym saye,

My soule is thirste to death.
Suche as I made haulte and blynde,
He hase them healed to their kinde,
Therfore this bolster loke that you bynde
In balle of hell breath.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Sir Sathanas, what man is he,
That shoulde thee prive of thy postie?
Howe dare he doe againste thee,
And dread his death to daye!
Greater then thou hym seemes to be,
For degrated of thy degree
Thou muste be sone, well I see,
And prived of thy praye.

TERCIUS DEMON.

Who is he so stiffe and stronge
That so maisterlike comes us amonge,
Our felowshipe as he would fonge?
But theirof he shall fayle.
Witte he us with anye wronge,
He shall singe a sorye songe,
But on thee, Sathan, that it belonge,
And his will oughte avayle.

SATHANAS.

Againste this shrewe that sittes here
I tempted the folke in fowle manere,
Ascill and gall to his dynere
I made them for to dighte;
And since to hange hym on rood tree,
Nowe is he dead righte so through me,
And to hell, as you shall se,
He comes anon in heighte.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Sir Sathanas, is not this that syer,
That raysed Lazarre out of the fier?

SATHANAS.

Yea, this is he that would conspier
Anon to reve us all.

TERCIUS DEMON.

Out, out! alas! alas!
Heare I counger thee, Sathanas,
Thou suffer hym not come in this place,
For oughte that maye befall.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Yea, seckerlye, and he come heare,
Passed is cleane our power,
For all this felowshipe in feare,
Have whom awaie he woulde;
For at his comaundmente,
Lazarre, that with us was lente,
Mawgere our teeth he wente,
And hym mighte we not houlde.

Tunc venit Jesus, et fiat clamor vel sonitus magnus materialis, et dicat Jesus, Attolite portas, principes, vestras, et elevamini porte eternales, et introibit rex glorie.

JESUS.

Open up hell gates anon,
You princes of pyne everye eichone,
That Godes sonne maie in gone,
And the kinge of blesse.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Goe hense, popilarde, out from this place,

Or thou shalt have a sorye grace,
For all thy boste and thy manace
Thes men thou shalt mysse.

SATHANAS.

Out, alas! what is this?
Seinge I never so moche blesse,
Towardes hell come, i-wisse,
Seithen I was warden here.
My maisterdome fares amisse,
For yender a stobarne fellowe ys,
Righte as hollye hell were his,
To reve me of my power.

TERCIUS DEMON.

Yea, Sathanas, thy soveraigntie
Failes cleane, therfore thou fleye,
For no longer in this see
Here shalte thou not sitte:
Goe fourth, feighte for thy degree,
Or elles our prince thou shall not be,
For nowe passes thy postye,
And hense thou muste flytte.

Tunc surgens Sathanas de sede, et dicat

SATHANAS.

Out, alas! I am shente,
My mighte fayles veramente,
This prince that is nowe presente
Will powle from me my praie.
Adam, by my intisemente,
And all his blood through me were shente;
Nowe hense the shall al be hente,
And I in hell for [aye].

DAVID REX.

I, kinge David, nowe well maye saye
My prophescye fulfilled is in faye,
As nowe shewes in sighte verreye,
And southlye here is seene ;
I taughte men this here in my life daie
To worshipe God by all waie,
That hell gates he shall affraye,
And wone that his hath bene.

Confitentur domino misericordie ejus et mirabilia ejus filius hominis contrivit portas preas et victes ferreas confreget. Tunc item dicat.

JESUS.

Open up hell gates, yet I saye,
You princes of pine that be presente,
And let the kinge of blisse this waie,
That he maie fulfill his intente.

SATHANAS.

Staye! what is he, that kinge of blesse?

DAVID REX.

That Lorde the whiche allmightie is,
In warre no power like to his,
Of all blesse is greateste kinge,
And to hym is non like, i-wysse,
As is southlye seene by this,
For men that some tyme did amisse,
To his blesse he will us bringe.

Hic extrahit patriarchas.

Here God doth take out Addam.

JESUS.

Peace to thee, Adam, my darlinge,

And eke to all thy ofspringe,
That rightious were in eirth livinge,
From me you shall not sever;
To blesse nowe I will you bringe,
Their you shalbe without endinge,
Michell, leade thes men singinge
To blesse that lasteth ever.

MICHEALL.

Lorde, your will done shalbe;
Come fourth, Adam, come with me:
My Lorde uppon the roode tree
Your synnes hath for-boughte;
Nowe shall you have likinge and lee,
And be restored to your degree,
That Sathan with his suttiltie
From blesse to balle hade broughte.

[*Tunc Michael adducet Adam et sanctos ad Paradisum, et in obviam venient Henoc et Helias, et latro salvatus; et Sathan dicat:*]

SATHANAS.

Out, alas! nowe goes awaie
All my prisoneres and my praie,
And I my selfe maie not starte awaie,
I am so straitlye tyed!
Nowe comes Christe, sorowe I maie,
For me and my meanye for aye,
Never seith God made the firste daie
Were we soe sore afreayde.

Heare muste Adam speake to Enocke and Ely.

ADAM.

Sires, what manner of men be ye,
That bodelye meete us as I see,
That dead came not to hell as well as wee,
Seinge all men dampned were?

When I treasspaseth God, heighte
That this place clossed shoulde be
From eirthlye men to have enterye,
And yet I fynde you here.

ENOCKE.

Sir, I am Enocke, the south to saye,
Put in this place to Goods paye,
And heare have lived ever since aye
At likinge all my fill;
And my felowe heare, in good faye,
Is Hely the prophette, se you maie,
That ravished was in this araye,
As it was Godes will.

HELY PROPHETTE.

Yea, bodelye death, leeve thou me,
Yet never suffred we,
But heare ordayned we are to be,
Tell Antechriste come;
To feighte againste us shall he,
And sleay us in this holye cittie,
But suerlye in daies three
And an halfe we shall rise.

ADAM.

And who is this that comes here,
[With crosse on shoulder in suche] manere?

LATRO.

I am that theiffe, my father deare,
That honge one roode tree.
For I beleved without were
That Christe might save us bouth in feare:
To hym I made my praier,
The which was graunted me,

When I se signes vereye
That he was Godes sonne, south to saye,
To hym devoutlye did I praye,
In his region when I came,
That he woulde thinke on me all waye;
And he answered and sayde, this daie
In Paradice thou shalte with me plaie
Heitherwarde anon.
Then he betaughte me this tockeninge,
This crosse upon my backe hanginge,
To Michell angell for to bringe,
That I mighte have enterye.

ADAM.

Nowe goe we to blesse bouth oulde and yonge,
And worshipe God allwillinge;
And theiderwarde I rede we singe
With greate solempenitie.

Tunc eunt omnes, et incipiat Michell, Te Deum laudamus; dicat

MULIER.

Wo be to the tyme that I came heare,
I saye to thee nowe, Lucifier,
With all thy felowshipe in feare
That presente be in place;
Wofull am I with thee to dwell,
Sir Sathanas, sergante of hell;
Endles paines and sorowe cruell
I suffer in this place.
Some tyme I was a tavernere,
A gentill gossipe and a tapstere,
Of wyne and ale a trustie brewer,
Which wo hath me wroughte;
Of cannes I kepte no trewe measuer,

My cuppes I soulde at my pleasuer,
Deceavinge manye a creature,
Tho my ale were naughte.
And when I was a brewer longe,
With hoopes I made my ale stronge,
Ashes and erbes I blende amonge,
And marred so good maulte;
Therfore I maye my handes wringe,
Shake my cannes, and cuppes ringe,
Sorowfull maie I sicke and singe
That ever I so dealed.
Taverners, tapsters of this cittie,
Shalbe promoted heare by me,
For breakinge statutes of this cuntrey,
Hurtinge the commonwelth;
With all tiplinge tapsters that are cuninge,
Mysspendinge moche maulte, brewinge so theyne,
Sellinge small cuppes moneye to wyn,
Againste all truth to deale.
Therfore this place ordeyned is
For suche ylle doeres so moche amisse;
Here shall the have ther joye and blesse,
Exsaulted by the necke,
With my mayster, mightye Mahounde,
For castinge maulte besyddes the combe,
Moche watter takinge for to compounde,
And littill of the secke;
With all mashers minglers of wyne in the nighte,
Brewinge so blendinge againste daye lighte,
Suche newe made clarrytte is cause full righte
Of sicknes and desease.
This I betake you, more and lesse,
To my sweete mayster, sir Sathanas,
To dwell with hym in his place,
When it shall you please.

SATHANAS.

Welckome, deare darlinge, to us all three,
Though Jesus be gone with our meanye,
Yet shall thou abyde heare still with me,
In paine withoute ende.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Welckome, dere ladye, I shall thee wedd,
For manye a heavye and droncken head,
Cause of thy ale, were broughte to bed
Farre worse then anye beaste.

TERCIUS DEMON.

Welckome, deare daughter, to endles balle,
Usinge cardes, dice, and cupes smalle,
With manye false outhes to sell thy ale.
Nowe thou shall have a feaste.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

XIX. THE RESURRECTION.

The Skynners Playe.

Pagina decima octava de Resurrexione Jesu Christi.

PILATUS.

Per vous, sir Cayphas,
Et vous e vous, sir Annas,
Et sum discipule Judas,
Cule treison finte.
Et grande lices de lucite,
Amoye per foy et judge
Mostre dame finte deliverie
Per loes roye escreite.
You lordes and ladyes, so lovelye and lere,
You kennes you knowes knightes of kinde,
Harcken all heitherwarde my hestes to here,
For I am moste fayereste and fresheste to fynde,
And moste higheste I am of estate.
For I am prince pearles,
Moste royall man of riches,
I may deale and I maye dresse,
My name is Sir Pilate.
For Ceaser, prince moste of posté,
Honoured my estate and my degreey,
When that he sente Jesus to me
To deliver hym to the deade;
The cryed on me all with on voyce,
The Jewes on me made great noyse;
I gave them leve to hange hym on crosse,

This was through Jewes reade.
I dreade yet leste he will us greve,
For that I sawe I maye wel beleeve;
I sawe the stonnes beganne to cleve,
And dead men up can rise.
In this cittye all aboute
Was non so stearne ney so stowte,
That up loked for greate doubte,
The were so sore agased.
And therfore, sir Cayphas, yet I dread
Leste ther be perrill in that deed;
I sawe hym hange on rowde and bleede
Tell all his blood was sheed,
And when he should his death take,
The weither waxed wounderous blacke;
Leate, thounder, and eirth beganne to quake,
Therof I am adreade.

CAYPHAS.

And this was ysterdaye about nonne.

PILATUS.

Yea, sir bushope, this is one,
To speake therfore we have to done,
For I let burye hym full sone
In a tombe of stonne;
And therfore, syres, amonght us three,
Let us ordeyne and oversee
Yf ther anye peryl be,
Or we hense gone.

CAYPHAS.

Sir Pilate, all this was donne,
As we sawe after sonne,
But betyme at after nonne

The wedder beganne to cleare ;
And sir, if it be your will,
Suche wordes you let be still,
And speake of another skill,
Leste anye man us heare.

ANNAS.

Yea, sir Pilate, naughte for-thy,
I sawe hym and his companye
Rayse men with sorscerye,
That longe before were deade ;
For and their be anye more such lefte,
Which can of suche wichcrafte,
Yf that bodye be from us rafte,
Advise you well, I rede.

CAYPHAS.

Yea, sir Pilate, I tell you righte,
Let us ordayne manye a harde knighte,
Well armed to stande and feighte,
With power and with force ;
That no shame to us befall.
Let us ordayne here amonge us all,
And trewe men to us calle,
To kepe well the corse.

PILATUS.

Nowe, by Jesus that dyed on roode,
Me thinke your counsell is wounderous good,
The beste man of kynne and blood,
Anon loke ye no blyne.
And my knightes, stiffe and stearne of harte,
You be boulde men and smarte ;
I warne you nowe at wordes shorte,
For with you I have to donne.

PRIMUS MILES.

Sir, we bene heare all and some,
As boulde men, readye bonne
To drive your enemyes all downe;
Why[le] that we maye stande,
We be your knightes everye eichone;
Fayntnes in us their shalbe non,
We wilbe wrocken upon thy fonne,
Wherever he maye be founde,
And for no dread that we will wonne.

PILATUS.

That I am well to understande,
You be men doughtie of hande,
I love you without lacke;
But that prophette that was done and drawes
Through the recountinge of your lawes,
But yet some thinge we stand in awes,
Of wordes that he spake.
For south this harde I hym saye,
That he woulde rise the thirde daye;
Nowe suerlye and he so maye,
He hath a wounderous tache.

SECUNDUS MILES.

Yea, let hym rise if that hym dare!
For and I of hym maye be aware,
He bode never a worse charre,
Or that he wende awaye.
I helped to slea hym ere while,
Wenes he to doe us more gile?
Naye it is noe perille;
My heade their dare I laye.

TERCIUS MILES.

Yet let hym quicken hardlye,

Whyle my felowes here and I
Maye awake and stand hym by,
He skaped not uncaughte ;
For and he oste heave up his head,
But that he be sone dead,
Shall I never eate more bread,
Ne never more be saughte.

PRIMUS MILES.

Have good daie, sir, we wilbe gone :
Geves us our charge everye eichone.

PILATUS.

Nowe fare well, the beste of blood and bone,
And take good heede unto my sawe.
For as I am a trewe Jewe,
Yf that you anye treason shewe,
Ther is non of you all shall esue,
But he shalbe to-drawe.

SECUNDUS MILES.

Nowe, felowes, we be charged hye,
Our prince hath sworne that we shall dye
Without anye prophescye,
Or anye other in charge ;
But yf the done as the wise,
I red we righte well advise,
Though he be boulde, he shall not rise,
But one of us be ware.

TERCIUS MILES.

Sir, the moste wytte lyeth in thee,
To ordayne and to oversee ;
You be the eldeste of us three,
And man of moste renowne ;

The tombe is heare at our hande,
Sett us their as we shall stande,
Yf that he rise we shall founde
To beate hym adowne.

PRIMUS MILES.

And I shall nowe sette us so,
Yf that he rise and woulde goe,
On of us or eles towe
Shall se of his uprise;
Stande thou heare, and thou here,
And I my selfe in medle mere:
I troe our hartes will not feare,
But it were stowtlye wiste.

Tunc cantabunt duo angeli, Christus resurgens a mortuis, etc., et Christus tunc resurget, ac postea cantu finito dicat ut sequitur Jesus resurgens, et pede omnes milites quatiat.

JESUS.

Eirthlye man that I have wroughte,
Awake out of thy slepe;
Eirthlye man that I have bought,
Of me thou have no kepe.
From heaven mans soule I soughte,
Into a dongion depe,
My dere lemon from thense I broughte,
For ruthe of her I weepe.
I am vereye prince of peace,
And kinge of free mercye;
Who will of synnes have release,
On me the call and crye.
And yf the will of synnes cease,
I graunte them peace trewlye,
And therto a full rich messye,

In brede my owne bodye.
I am vereye bread of life,
From heaven I lighte and am sende,
Who eateth that brede, man or wife
Shall live with me without ende.
And that brede that I you geve,
Your wicked life for to amende,
Becomes my fleshe through your beleffe,
And doth release your synfull bande.
And whoesoever eatheth that breade
In syne or wicked life,
He receiveth his owine death,
I warne bouth man and wife.
The whiche bread shalbe seene in steade
Their joye is aye full rafte ;
When he is dead through fooles read
Then is he broughte to paine and striffe.

Tunc duo angeli, postquam Christus resurrexerit, sedebunt in sepulcro, quorum alter ad caput alter ad pedes sedeant.

PRIMUS MILES.

Out, alas ! wher am I ?
So brighte aboute is heare by,
That my harte whollye
Out of my breste is shaken ;
So fowle feared with fantasye
Was I never in non anoye,
For I wote not witterlye
Wheither I be on slepe or waken.

Tunc socium surgere coget.

SECUNDUS MILES.

Where arte thou, sir Bachelere ?

Aboute me is wounder cleare,
Wytte me wantes withouten were,
For fearder I never was.
To remove fare or nere,
Me fayles mighte and power,
My harte in my bodye here
Is hoven out of my breste.

Tunc tanget socium: somno desurgere coget: dicat

PRIMUS MILES.

Yea, we are shente sickerlye,
For Jesus is risen, well wotte I,
Out of the sepulcher mightelye,
And therof I have in mynde;
And as dead here can I lye,
Speake mighte I [not] ne spie
Which waye he toke trewlye,
My eyes the were so blynde.

TERCIUS MILES.

Alas! what is this great lighte,
Shyninge here in my sighte?
Marred I am mayne and mighte,
To move have I no mayne.
Thes towe beastes that are so brighte,
Power have I non to rise arighte,
Me fayles with them for to feighte,
Would I never so fayne.

SECUNDUS MILES.

Yea, I will crepe fourth on my knye,
Tell I this parill passed be,
For my waye I maye not se,
Nether eirth nor stonne.

Yea, in wicked tyme we
Nayled hym on the roode tree,
For, as he sayde, in daies three
[Risen he is and gone.]

TERCIUS MILES.

Hye we faste we were awaie,
For this is Godes sonne vereye;
Strive with hym we ne maye,
That maister is and more.
I will to Cayphas by and by,
The south openlye for to saye:
Fare well, sires, and have good daye,
For I will goe before.

PRIMUS MILES.

We to lenge heare were no boute,
For nede to sir Pilate we mote,
And tell hym crape and roote
So southlye as we wiste;
For and the Jewes knewe as well as we,
That he were risen through his posté,
Then shoulde the laste errande be
Worse then the firste.

Tunc adeunt Pilatum.

SECUNDUS MILES.

Harcken, sir Pilate, the south to sayen,
Jesu that was on Fryday slayne,
Through his mighte is risen againe,
This is the thirde daye.
Ther came no power hym to fette,
But suche a slepe he on me sete,
That non of us mighte hym lete
To rise and goe his wayes.

PILATUS.

Nowe, by the outh I have to Ceaser sworne,
All you dogges sonnes shall dye therfore,
If it be on you longe;
Yf that you have prevelye
Soulde hym to his companye,
Then are you worthye for to dye
Righte in your owne wronge.

TERCIUS MILES.

Nowe, by the order I beare of knighte,
He rose upp in the morninge lighte,
By vertue of his owne mighte:
I knowe it vereye well.
He rose up, as I saye nowe,
And lefte us lyinge I·wote nere howe,
Al bemased in a soune,
As we hade bene sticked swyne.

PILATUS.

Fye, theiffe! fye, traytor!
Fye on thee! thy truste is full bare!
Fye, feynde! fye, feature!
Hye hense faste! I rede thou fare.

PRIMUZ MILES.

That tyme that he his waie toke,
Durste I nether speake nor loke,
But for feare I laye and quoke,
And laye in sound dreame:
He sett his foote upon my backe,
That everye lith beganne to crake;
I woulde not abyde such another shake,
For all Jerusalem.

PILATUS.

Fye, harlote! fye, hounde!
Fye on thee, thou taynted doge!
What! laye thou still in that stonde,
And let that losinger go on the roge?
Sir Cayphas and sir Annas,
What saye you to this treaspas?
I praye you, sires, in this case,
Advise me of some read.

CAYPHAS.

Nowe, good sir, I you praie,
Harcken to me what I you saie,
For moche avayle us it maie,
And doe after my spell.
Praye them nowe, sir, pardye,
As the loven well thee,
Here as the stand all three,
To kepe well our counscell.

ANNAS.

Sir bushope, I saye to you verament,
Unto your counscell I fullye assente;
This foolishe prophette, that we all to-rente,
Through his wichcrafte is stolne awaie;
Therfore let us call our counscell togeither,
And let us conclude to the wholl matter,
Or elles our lawes are done for ever hereafter.

PILATUS.

Nowe in good fayth, full woes me,
And so I tro bene all ye,
That he is risen this prevelye
And is from us escaped;
Nowe I praye you, sires, as you love me,

Kepe this in close and previtye
Untell our counscell, and tell we
Have harde how he is scaped.

Tunc tradet eis pecuniam, et discedunt; et venient mulieres plorantes ac Jesum querentes.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Alas! nowe lorne is my likinge;
For woe I wander, and handes wringe;
My harte in sorowe and in sickinge
Is sadlye set and sore.
That I moste loved of all thinge,
Alas, is nowe full loe lyinge;
Why am I, Lorde, so longe livinge,
To lose thy luxom lore?

MARIA JACOBY.

Alas! wayle awaie is wente,
My helpe, my heale, from me is hente;
My Christe, my comforte, that me kente,
I-clongen nowe in claye.
Mightie God omnipotente,
Thou geve them harde judgmente,
That my soveraigne hath so shente,
For so I maye well saye.

MARIA SALOME.

Alas! nowe marred is all my mighte,
My Lorde, through whom that I was lighte,
Shamfullye slayne here in my sighte;
My sorowe is aye unsoughte.
Seith I have no other righte,
Of thes devilles that have my Lorde so dighte,
To balme his bodye that is so brighte
Boyste heare have I broughte.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Sister, which of us everye one
Shall remove this greate stonne
That lyeth my sweete Lorde upon,
For move it I ney maie.

MARIA JACOBI.

Sister, maisterye it is non :
It seemes to me as he were gone,
For on the sepulcher sitteth one,
And the stonne awaie.

MARIA SALOME.

Towe children here I see sittinge,
All of whyte is ther clothinge,
And the stone besydes lyinge :
Goe we nere and see.

Tunc ibunt et aspicient in sepulcrum.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

What seeke you, women, here
With wepinge and unlikinge cheare ?
Jesus, that to you was deare,
Is risen, leeve you me.

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

Be not afrayde of us in feare.
For he is wente, withouten were,
As he before cane you lere,
Fourth into Gallalye.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

This is the place, therefore be payde,
That Jesus our Lorde was in layde,

But he is risen, as he sayde,
And hense wente awaie.

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

Hye you for oughte that maye befall,
And tell his disciples all,
And Petter also saye you shall,
Ther fynde hym that you maye.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

A ! hye we faste for anye thinge,
And tell Petter this tydinge,
A blessedfull worde we maye hym bringe,
South yf that it were.

MARIA JACOBI.

Yea, walke thou, sister, by on waye,
And we another shall assaye,
Tell we have mette with hym to daie,
My worthy Lorde so deare.

Tunc discedent et paulisper circumambulabunt, et tunc obvient discipulis Petro et Johanni ; et dicat Maria Magdelena.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

A ! Petter and John, alas ! alas !
Ther is befallne a woundorous case ;
Some man my Lorde stollne has,
And put hym I wote not where.

PETRUS.

What, is he removed out of the place
In the which he buryed was ?

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Yea, sicker, all my solace
Is gone and is not their.

JOHANNES EVANGELIST.

Petter, goe we theider anon,
Roninge as faste as we can,
To loke who hath removed the stonne,
And wheither he be awaie.

PETRUS.

Abyde, brother, sweete John,
Leste we meete with anye fonne;
But nowe I se no other wonne,
To ronne I will assaye.

Tunc ambo simul concurrent, sed Johannes procurret citius Petro, et non intrant sepulchrum.

JOHANNES.

A! Petter, brother, in good faye,
My Lorde Jesu is awaye!
But his shouldarye, south to saye,
Lyinge here I fynde.
By it selfe, as thou se maye,
Farre from all other clothes it laye;
Nowe Maryes wordes are south vereye,
As we maie have in mynde.

PETRUS.

Yea, but, as God kepe me from woe!
Into the sepulcher I will goe,
To loke yf it be vereye soe,
As Marye to us can saye.

Tunc introibit in sepulchrum.

A ! Lorde, blessed be thou ever and oo,
For as thou toulde me and other moe,
I fynde thou haste overcomon our foe,
And risen arte, in good faye.

Tunc Petrus lamentando dicat.

A ! Lor[d]e, how shall I do for shame,
That hath deserved so moche blame,
To forsake thy holye name,
To meete with thee by anye waie.
I that in pennance and greate anoye
My sweete Lorde forsocke thrye,
Save endlise hope of his mercye,
Therto truste I maie.
For ney it were his greate grace,
And sorrowe of harte that in me was,
Worse I were then Judas was,
My Lorde so to forsake.

JOHANNES.

Petter, comforte thee in this case,
For suerlie my Lorde Jesu accepted hase,
Greate repentance for thy treasspas
My Lorde in harte will take.
Goe we seeke Jesu anon in hye,
On waie thou, another waie I.

PETRUS.

Yea, well I hope through his mighte
My pennance shall hym please.

Tunc abeunt, hic per aliam viam, ille per alteram. Mulieres venient.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Hense will I never, sickerlye,

Tell I be comforted of myne anoye,
And knowe where he is readelye,
Here will I sitte and weepe.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

Woman, why wepeste thou soe, aye?

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Sonne, for my Lorde is taken awaie,
And I wotte not where, the south to saye:
Who hath donne that thinge?
Alas! why were I not deade to daie,
Cloughte and clongen under claye,
To see my Lorde that heare laye
Onste at my likinge?

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

Come, Lorde Jesu, come quicklye. 1592.

XX. THE PILGRIMS OF EMAUS.

The Saddlers Playe.

Pagina decima nona, de Christo duobus discipulis ad castellum Emaus euntibus apparente, et aliis discipulis, et dicat Lucas.

LUCAS.

Alas ! nowe wayle is wente awaye !
My owine my mayster ever I maye,
That is nowe clongen under claye,
That makes my harte in care.
Sorrowe and sickinge, the south to saye,
Makes mone, that is no naye,
When I thinke on hym nighte and daye,
For deale I droppe and dare.

CLEOPHAS.

Yea, moche mirth was in me,
My sweete soveraigne when I mighte se,
And his likinge lore with lee,
And nowe so lowe is laide.
Brother, nowe is dayes three
Seith he was nayled on roode tree ;
Lorde, wheither he risen be,
As he before hade sayde.

LUCAS.

Leffe brother Cleophas,
To knowe this were a cuninge case,

Seith he through harte wounded was,
Howe shoulde he live agayne?

CLEOPHAS.

Yf that he godhead in hym hase,
And comen to by mans treasspas,
He maye rise through his owine grace,
And his death to us gayne.

LUCAS.

A mistye thinge it is [to] me,
To have beleffe it shoulde so be,
Howe he shoulde rise in daies three;
Suche wounderes never was wiste.

CLEOPHAS.

South thou sayest, full well I see;
Leeve maye I not by my lewtie,
But God maye of his magistie
Doe what so ever hym liste.

Tunc venit Jesus in habitu peregrini, et dicat Jesu.

JESUS.

Good men, if your will were,
Tell me in good manere
Of your talkinge that in feare
And of your woe witte I woulde.

CLEOPHAS.

A! syr, it seemes to us heare,
A pylgrem thou arte, as doth appeare;
Tydinges and tales al inteyre
Thou maye heare what is toulde
In Jerusalem that other daye,
That thou walkeste manye a waye,

Maye thou not here what men saye,
About ther as thou yeide?

JESUS.

What are those? tell me, I thee praye.

LUCAS.

Of Jesus of Nazareth, in good faye,
A prophette to eich mans paye,
And wise in worde and deed:
To God and man wise was hee,
But bushoppes, cursed mote the be!
Dampned hym and nayled hym on a tree,
That wroughte yet never wronge.

CLEOPHAS.

Wytterlye before wende we,
That Isarell [he] shoulde have made free;
And out of payne through his postie
The people he shoulde have broughte.

LUCAS.

Yea, sir, nowe is the thirde daie
Seith the made this affraye,
And some wemen ther as he laye
Were their erlye in the morne,
And feared us fowle in faye;
The toulde us he was stowlne awaie,
And angelles, as the can saye,
The sepulcher syttinge before.

CLEOPHAS.

Yea, sir, thes wemen that harde I,
Sayde he was risine readelye;
And some men of our companye

Thydder anon can goe,
And found it so lesse and more.
And yet our hartes are full sore,
Lest it be not so.

JESUS.

Ah, fooles and feible, in good faye,
Late to beleeve unto Godes lawe,
The prophettes before can this sawe,
Leeve you on this southlye,
That it nedes be allwaye
Christe to suffer death the south to saye,
And to joye that lasteth aye
Bringe man through his mercye.
And firste at Moyses to begyn,
What he saith I shall you myne,
That God was a greve with [in],
That burned aye as hym thoughte;
The greve payred nothinge theirby:
What was that but mayde Marye,
That bare Jesu sincerlye,
That man hath nowe for-boughte.
Also Esay sayde this,
As a woman comfortes, i-wisse,
Her childe that hath done amisse,
To amende, leeve you me;
So God woulde man reconsiled here,
Through his mercye, in good manere,
And in Jerusalem in better were,
Fore-boughte the shoulde be.

Quemadmodum mater consolatur filios suos, ita et ego consolabor vos, et in Jerusalem consolabamini. Esaius capitulo sexage. sexto: et dicat

CLEOPHAS.

A! Lorde! geve thee good grace,
For greatlye comforted me thou hase:
Goe with us to this place,
A castill is here by.

JESUS.

Nowe, good men, southlye for to saye,
I have to goe a greate waie;
Therfore at this tyme I ney maye,
But I thanke you hartelye.

LUCAS.

Sir, you shall in all mannere
Dwell with us at our suppere;
For nowe nighte approcheth nere,
Tarye here for anye thinge.

CLEOPHAS.

Nowe, God forbyde that we were
So uncurtise to you heare;
For saffe my lovelye lorde of lere,
Thy lore is moste likinge.

Tunc ibit Jesus cum illis ad castellum.

LUCAS.

Sytte downe here, sire, I you praye,
And take a morscell and you maie,
For you have walked a longe waie
Seith to daye at noone.

JESUS.

Graunte mercye, good me[n], in good faye,
To blesse this bread, south to saye,

I will anon in good araye,
Righte by you beforne.

Tunc franget panem, et dicat

JESUS.

Eates on, men, and doe gladlye,
In the name of God almightie!
For this breed blessed have I,
That I geve you to daye.

Tunc Jesus evanescet.

LUCAS.

Graunte mercye, sickerlye!
Nowe rede I you be righte merye.
What! wher is he that sate us by?
Alas! he is awaie!

CLEOPHAS.

Alas! alas! alas! alas!
This was Jesus in this place!
By breakinge the bread I knewe his face,
But nothinge theirbefore.

LUCAS.

A borninge harte in us he made;
For while he heare with us was,
To knowe hym we mighte have no grace,
For all his loxom lore.

CLEOPHAS.

Goe we, brother, and that anon,
And tell our brethren everye eichone,
Howe our maister is from us gone,
Yea, southlye we maie saie.

LUCAS.

Yea, we maye make our mone,
That sate with hym in greate wonne,
And we no knowledge hym hade upon,
Tell he was passed awaye.

Tunc ibunt ad alios discipulos in alio loco congregatos : dicat Cleophas.

CLEOPHAS.

A ! reste well, brethren, on and all !
Wounderouslye is us befall ;
Our Lorde and we were in on hall,
And hym yet knewe not we.

ANDREAS.

Yea, leeve thou well this, Cleophas,
That he is risen that deade was,
And to Petter appeared hase
This daye appeartlye.

LUCAS.

With us he was a longe fytte,
And undid his holye wrytte ;
And yet our wittes were so knytte,
That hym we mighte not knowe.
Nowe sicker awaie was all my witte.
Tell the brede was brocken eich bitte,
And anon, when he brake it,
He vanished in a thrawe.

PETRUS.

Nowe we brethren in fere,
I rede we hyde us somewhere here,
That Jewes meete us not in no manere,
For malyce, leeve you me.

ANDREWAS.

Lenge we heare in this place:
Peradventure God will shewe us grace
To se our Lorde in littill space,
And comforted for to be.

Tunc omnes eunt infra castrum, et veniet Jesus stans in medio discipulorum; et postea dicat Jesus.

JESUS.

Peace amonge you, brethren fayer!
Yea, dread you naught in no manere,
I am Jesus without were,
That dyed on rood tree.

PETTER.

A! what is he that comes here
To this fellowship all in feare?
As he to me nowe can appeare,
A ghoste me thinke I see.

JESUS.

Brethren, why are you so freade for naughte,
And noyed in harte for feable thoughte?
I am he that hath you for-boughte,
And dyed for manes good.
My feete, my handes you maye see,
And knowe the truth also maye ye,
Southlye that I am hee
That dead was uppon a tree.
Handell me bouth all and one,
And beleeve well this everye eichone,
That ghoste hath nether fleshe nor bone,
As you se nowe on me.

ANDREWAS.

A ! Lorde ! moche joye is us uppon,
But what he is wotte I ney can.

JESUS.

Nowe seith you leeve I am no man,
More signes you shall see.
Have you anye meate heare ?

PETRUS.

Yea, my Lorde life and deare,
Rosted fishe and honnye in feare,
Theirof we have good wonne.

JESUS.

Eate we then in good manere :
Thus nowe you knowe, without were
That ghoste to eate hath no power,
As you shall see anon.

Tunc comedet Jesus, et dabit discipulis suis.

JESUS.

Brethren, I toulde you before,
When I was with you not gayne an oure,
That nedelye lesse and more
Muste fulfilled be
In Moyses lawe, as wrytten were ;
All other prophettes as nowe weare,
Is fulfilled, in good mannere,
Of that was sayde of me.
For this was wrytten by prophesye,
That I muste suffer death nedelye,
And the thyrde daye with victorye
Rise with good araye,
And preache remission of synnes

Unto all that his name doe myne:
Therfore, all you that be herein,
Thinke on what I saye.

Tunc evanescit Jesus, et ibunt discipuli Bethanie, et obviantes Thome.

PETRUS.

A! Thomas, tydinges good and newe!
We have seene the Lorde Jesu.

THOMAS.

Shall I never leeve that this is trewe,
By God omnipotente,
But I see in his handes towe
Hooles the nayles can in goe,
And put my finger eke alsoe
Their as the nayles wente.

ANDREAS.

Thomas, goe we in all feare,
For dread of enemyes better were
Then Jewes shoulde have us in their dangere,
And all our fraternitye.

THOMAS.

Wherever you goe, farre or nere,
I will goe with you in good mannere;
But this talke you tell me heare
I leeve not, tell I see.

PETRUS.

Nowe, Thomas, be thou not awaye,
And in hope see hym thou maye,
And feele hym also in good faye,
As we have done before.

THOMAS.

Wherever you be I wilbe aye;
But make me leeve this thinge vereye;
You pyne you not theirfore, I you praye,
To speake of that no more.

Tunc ibunt omnes iterum ad mansionem, et recumbent, et subito apparebit Jesus.

JESUS.

Peace, my brethren, on and all.
Come heither, Thomas; to thee I call:
Shewe fourth for oughte that may befalle
Thy hande, and put in here;
And see my handes and my feete,
And put in thy hande, thou ne lette,
My woundes are yet freshe and weette
As the firste were;
And be thou no more so dreadinge,
But ever trulye be leevinge.

Tunc emittit manum in latus et vulnera.

THOMAS.

My God! my Lorde! my Christe! my kinge!
Nowe leeve I without weninge.

JESUS.

Yea, Thomas, thou seiste nowe in me,
Thou leeveste nowe that I am he;
But blessed muste the al be,
That leeve, and never see,
That I am that same bodye,
That borne was of meke Marye,
And on a crosse your soules did by
Upon Good Fryday.
Who so to this will consente,

That I am God omnipotente,
As well as the that be presente,
My darlinges shalbe ever.
Who so to this will not consente,
Ever to the daye of judgment
In hell fier the shalbe brente,
And ever in sorowe and teene.
Who so ever of my father hath mynde,
Or of my mother in anye kinde,
In heaven blesse the shall it fynde,
Without anye woe,
Christe geve you grace to take the waie
Unto the joye that lasteth aye!
For their is no nighte, but ever daye,
For all you theider shall goe.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

XXI. THE ASCENSION.

The Taylors Playe.

Incipit pagina vicessima de ascensione Domini; et primo dicat Jesus, Pax vobis, ego sum, nolite timere; et dicat Jesus.

JESUS.

My brethren that sitten in companye,
With peace I greete you hartelye:
I am he that standes you by;
Ney dread you no thinge.
Well I knowe, and wytterlye,
That you be in greate exstacye
Wheither I be risen verelye,
That makes you sore in longinge.
You is noe nede to be anoyed soe,
Neither through thoughte to be in woe;
Your handes put nowe froo,
And feele my woundes wyde,
And beleeve this all and one,
That ghoste hath nether fleshe nor bone,
As you maye feele me uppon,
On handes or on feete.

Spiritus quidem carnem et ossa non habet sicut me videtis habere. Dicat Petrus.

PETRUS.

A! what is this that standeth us bye?
A ghoste me hym seemeth witterlye:

Me thinke lightned moche am I
This spirritte for to see.

ANDREAS.

Petter, I tell thee prevelye,
I dreade me yet full greatlye
That Jesu shoulde doe suche maisterye,
And wheither that this be he.

JOHANNES.

Brethren, good it is to thinke ever more
What wordes he sayde the daye before
He dyed on roode, gone is not yore,
And be we stedfaste aye.

JACOBUS MAJOR.

A ! John, that makes us in were,
That all waye when he will appeare,
And when us liste beste to have hym here,
Anon he is awaye.

JESUS.

I see well, brethren, south to saye,
For anye signe that I shewe maie,
You be not steadfaste in the faye,
But flyttinge I you fynde.
More signes, therfore, you shall see:
Have you oughte maye eaten be ?

SIMON.

Yea, Lorde, heare is enoffe for thee,
Or elles we were unkinde.

JESUS.

Nowe eate we then, for charritye,

My leve brethren fayer and free,
For all thinges shall fulfilled be
Wrytten in Moyses lawe.
Prophettes in Psalmes said of me
That death I behoveth on the roode treey,
And rise in dayes three,
To joye mankinde to drawe,
And preache to folke this worlde within,
Pennance, remission of their synne ;
In Jerusalem I shoulde begyne
As I have done for love.
Therfore beleeve steadfastlye,
And come with me to Bathanye,
In Jerusalem you shall lye,
To abyde the grace above.

Tunc comedit Jesus cum discipulis suis, et postea dicat

PHILLIPUS.

Lorde, from us thou noughte consayle,
That tyme that thou arte in thy wayle,
Shalte thou restore Isarell
Againe her realme that daye ?

JESUS.

Brother, that is not to thee,
To knowe my fathers previttye,
That toucheth to his owine postie,
Witte that ye naye maye.
But take you shall, through my beheste,
Vertue of the Holye Ghoste,
That sente shalbe to helpe you moste,
In worlde wher ye maye wende.
My wyttnes all you shalbe
In Jerusalem and Judye,
Samaria also, and eich cuntreye

To the worldes ende.
Goe ye all the worlde, and, through my grace,
Preache my worde in eich place,
All that steadfaste beleffe has,
And fullye saved shalbe ;
And who so be leeveth not in youer lore,
The wordes you preach them before
Dampned shalbe for ever more,
That paine shall not them fleye.
By this thinge you shall well knowe,
Who so leeveth steadfastlye in yoo,
Suche signes southlye the shall shoo,
Whersoever the tyde to goe ;
In my name well shall the
Devilles powers to put awaye ;
Newe tonges shall have to preach the faye,
And edders to maister also ;
And though the poysen eate or drinke,
It shall noye them no thinge ;
Sicke men with their handlinge
Shall healed readelye be :
Suche grace shalbe their doinge.—
Nowe to my father I am goinge,
You shall have, brethren, my blessinge,
For to heaven I muste stee.

Tunc adducit discipulos in Bethaniam, et cum pervenerit ad locum ascendens dicat Jesus, stans in loco ubi asscendit, Data est mi̅chi omnis potestas in celo et in terra. Dicat

JESUS.

My sweete brethren, leffe and deare,
To me is graunted full power,
In heaven and eirth farre and neare,
For my godhead is moste.

To teach all men nowe goe ye,
That in worlde will folowe me,
In the name of my Father and me,
And of the Holye Ghoste.

Tunc Jesus ascendit, et in ascendendo cantet, God almighti above.

JESUS.

Ascendo ad patrem meum et patrem vestrum, Deum meum et Deum vestrum, Alleluja!

Cum autem impleverit Jesus canticum, stet in medio quasi supra nubes, et dicat major angelus minori angelo.

PRIMUS ANGELUS *cantet.*

Quis est iste qui venit de Edom tinctis vestibus de Bosra?

MINOR ANGELUS *respondens cantet.*

Iste formosus in stola sua, gradiens in multitudine fortitudinis sue?

JESUS *cantat solus.*

Ego qui loquor justiciam et propugnator sum ad salvandum.

CORUS *cantat.*

Et vestimenta tua sicut calcantis in torculari.

JESUS *cantat solus.*

Torcular calcavi solus, et de gentibus non est vir mecum.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS *in lingua materna dicat.*

Who is this that cometh within,
The blesse of heaven that never shall blyn,
Bluddelye out of the worlde of synne,
And harowed hell hath he?

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

Comelye he is in his clothinge,
And with full power goinge,
A number of sayntes with hym leadinge,
He semeth greate of posté.

Jesus autem pausans eodem loco dicat:

JESUS.

I that spake rightwisenes,
And have brought man out of destresse,
For-byer called I am and was
Of all mankinde through grace;
My people that were from me rafte,
Through synne and through the devilles crafte,
To heaven I bringe, and never one lefte,
All that in helle were.

TERCIUS ANGELLUS.

Why is thy clouthinge soe rede,
Thy bodye bloodye and also head,
Thy clothes also that bene leade
Like to pressers of wyne.

JESUS.

For the devill and his power
That mankinde brought in greate dangore,
Through death on crosse and blood so cleare,
I have made them all myne.
These droppes so bloodye that you nowe se,
All the freshe shall reserved be,
Tell I come in my magistie
To deme the last daye;
This bloode I shedde, wittnes beare to me,
And dyed for man on roode tree,

And rose againe within daies three,
Suche love I loved thee aye.
Thes droppes nowe with good intente
To my father I will presente,
That good men that on eairth be lente
Shall knowe appeartlye,
Howe graciouslye I them boughte,
And for good workes that I have wroughte
Everlastinge blesse that the soughte,
To prove the good worthye.
And that the wicked maie eichone
Knowe and se all one,
Howe worthelye the for-gone
That blesse that lasteth [aye].
For these causes leeve you me,
The droppes I shede on roode tree,
All freshe shall reserved be
Ever tell the laste daie.

QUARTUS ANGELLUS.

You men that be of Gallalye,
Therupon nowe marvayll ye,
Waytinge hym that through postie
Is nowe gone you froo.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

Jesus Christe, leeve you me,
That steed to heaven, as you see,
Righte so come againe shall he,
As ye seene hym goe.

PETRUS.

Loe, brethren, what thes angelles sayen,
That Jesu that through his greate mayne

To heaven is gone, will come againe,
Righte as he fourth wente.

ANDREAS.

Manye seithen so heighte he,
To sende his Ghoste with harte so free,
And in Jerusalem we shalbe,
Tell it were to us sente.

SYMON.

Brethren, I rede us in good faye,
That we theidder take the waie,
And with devocion nighte and daie
Lenge in our praier.

PHILIPPUS.

For knowe we mone, by signe vereye,
That he is Godes sonne, south to saie;
Therfore it is good we goe to praie,
As he commaunded here.

JOHANNES.

Now mone we leeve it no leasinge,
For bouth by sighte and handlinge,
Speakinge, eatinge, and drinkinge,
He proves his deatie.

JACOBUS MAJOR.

Yea, also by his upsteainge,
He seemes fullye heavenlye kinge:
Whoe hase theirin full levinge,
Saved life and soule is he.

PETTRUS.

Goe we, brethren, with on assente,

And fulfill his comaundmente ;
But loke that non through dread be blente,
But leeves all steadfastlye ;
Praye we all, with full intente,
That he to us his Ghoste will sende.
Jesus, that nowe is from us wente,
Save all this companye !

Finis. Deo gracias ! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

Come, Lorde Jesu, come quicklye. 1592.

XXII. THE EMISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The Fishemongeres Playe.

Incipit pagina vicessima prima de elexcione Mathie, et de emisscione spiritus sancti, qualiter apostoli fecerunt symbolum apostolicum, viz., Credo in Deum patrem; et primo inter apostolos incipiat Petrus ad condiscipulos.

PETRUS.

My deare brethren, everye eichone,
You knowe well all and wan,
Howe our Lorde is from us gone,
To blesse that lasteth [aye].
Comforte nowe maye we have non,
Save his beheiste to truste uppon;
Therfore leeve we in this wonne,
That never on wende awaie:
Lenge we stiffe in our praier,
For well I wotte, withouten were,
He will sende us a counscelere,
His Ghoste, as he behighte.
Therfore lenge we righte here,
This faithfull felowshipe in feare,
Tell our Lorde, as he can us lere,
Sende us of heaven lighte.

Tunc exurgens Petrus in medio fratrum, et dicat Petrus.

My deare brethren, fayer and free,
Holye Scripture, leeve you me,

Fullye muste fulfilled be
That David saide before;
Also of the Holye Ghoste hade he,
Touchinge Judas wytten ye,
That soulde our maister for moneye,
And nowe is cleane forlorne.
Amonge us nombred that wrech was,
The faith to preach in eich place,
And nowe his hier fullye he has,
For hanged hym selfe has he:
His bodye borsen for his treasspas,
Soule dampned as a man bout grace;
Theirfore, as the Psaulter mynd mase,
Fulfilled nowe muste be.

Fiat habitacio ejus deserta, et non sit qui habitet in ea; episcopatum ejus accipiat alter. Dicat Petrus,

Therfore, men that nowe bene heare,
And ffelowes that ever with us were,
While Jesus Christe our maister deare
In yeairth livinge was,
That you that seene his power,
His mirackles in mannere,
Dyeinge, risinge bouth in feare,
Maye beste nowe beare wittnes:
Mathias I rede here be one,
And Josephe with us that ever hath gone,
For whom we caste towe lottes anon,
And buske us all to praye,
Wheither of them it is Godes will
This office to fulfill.

Tunc respondent omnes.

All speake togeither.

We assente all theirtyll,
For this is the beste waye.

Tunc omnes apostoli genu flectent, et dicat Petrus,

Thou Lorde, that knoweth all thinge,
Eich harte and will of man livinge,
Shewe us here, by some tockeninge,
Whom that we shall take,
And wheither of these is thy likinge,
In Judas stead that be standinge,
Thy name to preach to oulde and yonge,
And wheither that thou wylte take.

Tunc Petrus mittet sortem, et sors cadet super Mathiam, et dicat

PETRUS.

This lotte is fallne, brethren free,
On Mathewe, all men maye see:
To us, therfore, I take thee,
And apostell thee make.

MATHIAS.

Yea, honoured be God in Trenitie,
Though I unworthy theirto be,
That to you hath chossen me,
Dye will I for his sake.

ANDREWAS.

Nowe, Petter, brother, goe we and praye,
For ever more [I] myne maye
My soveraigne howe I harde hym saie,
Heare in your companye.

JACOBUS MAJOR.

He woulde not leeve us by noe waye
Fatherles children, in good faye,
But riche us sone in better araye,
With his Ghoste, graciouslye.

JOHANNES EVANGELESTE.

Yea, brethren, also veramente,
To us he sayde to good intente,
In yeairth here while he was presente,
And with us coulde lende.

THOMAS.

But yf so were that ne wente,
His ghoste to us shoulde not be sente;
And yf he youde wher he lente,
Hit he woulde us sende.

JACOBUS MINOR.

Yea, sweate and likinge was his lore,
And well ye witten that their wore,
But a littill while before,
Or he to heaven stead.

PHILLIPPUS.

He bydde me I should not goe awaie
From Jerusalem to no cuntreye;
But their abyde, south to saie,
His heiste from an highe.

BARTHOLOMEWE.

Also he sayde to us eichone,
That his foregoer saynte John
With watter baptiste manye one,
While that he was heare.

MATHEUS.

But we shall baptise, without boste,
Fullye with the Hollye Ghoste,
Through helpe of hym that is moste,
Sone after, without were.

Tunc Johannes quidem baptizavit aqua, vos autem baptazabimini spiritu sancto non post multos hos dies.

SYMION.

We mynde theiron lesse and more ;
Yet some that standeth hym before,
Asked wheither he shoulde restore
That tyme all Isarell.

JUDE.

And he answered anon righte,
That tyme knowe you ne mighte,
That in his fathers will was pighte,
For that he muste conseale.

Non est vestrum nosse tempora vel momenta que pater posuit in sua poteste.

MATHIAS.

Yea, brethren, that tyme he us behighte,
The Holye Ghoste shoulde in us lighte,
That we mighte tell to eich wighte
His deedes all bedene,
In Jerusalem and Judye,
Wher in worlde so ever walke we,
And Samaria, that men shoulde see,
As after maye be seene.

Accipietis virtutem supervenientis spiritus sancti in vos, et eritis mihi testes in Jerusalem et in omni Judea, Samaria, et usque ad ultimum terre. Dicat Petrus:

PETRUS.

Kneele we downe upon our knye,
And to that Lorde nowe praye we;
Sone I hope that he will see
To his disciples all.

ANDREAS.

Yea, in his life so taughte he,
Aske and have with harte free;
Rightewise dome shall graunted be,
When men will on hym calle.

Tunc apostoli omnes genu flectentes cantent, Veni creator, spiritus.

JACOBUS MAJOR.

Come, Holye Ghoste, come creator,
Viscitte our thoughtes in this stowre;
Thou arte mans conqueroure;
And graunte us, Lorde, thy grace.

JOHANNES.

Thou that arte called counscelor,
And sende from heaven as Savyour,
Well of life, leache of langor,
That prayen heare in this place.

THOMAS.

Yea, that in seven monthes woulde conseayle
Grace of thy ghoste aboute to deale,
As thou promised for mans heale,
Appeare nowe, since I praye.

JACOBUS MINOR.

Lighte our wittes with thy wayle ;
Put life in our thoughtes lele ;
Lixom thy frendes that bene frayle,
With vertues lastinge [aye].

PHILLIPUS.

Vanishe our enemyes farre awaie,
And graunte us peace, Lorde, to our paie ;
For while thou arte our leader aye,
We maye eshewe anye.

BARTHOLOMES.

Through thy mighte knowe we may,
The father of heaven full in good faye,
And ye, his sonne, in south to saye,
Thou arte in companye.

MATHIEUS.

Worshipped be thou ever and oo,
The father and the sonne also ;
Let thy ghoste nowe from thee goe.
And faith that we maie fynde.

GOD THE SONNE.

Gloryous father, fayer and free,
Ye knowe well of dewtye.

Tunc omnes apostoli contemplantes vel orantes quousque spiritus sanctus missus fuit.

DEUS DICAT.

My sonne beloved, liffe and deare,
Your healthfull askinge ever here,
That you aske is not to deare,
To knowe your cleane intente ;

With will full liberall and cleare,
My ghoste to them shall appeare,
To make them wiser then the were ;
That is my full assente.
My ghoste to eirth shall goe downe,
With seven geistes of renowne,
Their to have my devocion,
Confirme them to be sadde,
That the maie be ever readye bowne
In heaven blesse to weare the crowne ;
Ever to raigne in possession,
Ther to be merye and glade.
My patrickes and prophettes heare,
That through your faith to me were deare,
Angelles and arckeangelles cleare
All in my blesse woninge,
You wotten well, withouten were,
Howe I have mended, in good manere,
Man that was lorne through Lucifier,
And through his owine likinge.
My sonne I sende down from my see
Into a virgene faier and free,
And manhoode toke, as liked me
On man to have mercye,
That rightious mighte saved be,
Since man had loste his libertie :
I made man in on degree,
His bale behoveth to bye.
Nowe manfullye have I boughte,
And out of balle to blesse broughte,
His kinde also, as me good taughte,
Is mighte within my godhead :
Thus man, that I made of naughte,
That Sathanas through synne had soughte,
By this waye I have so wroughte,

Non good in hell bene leade.
But while I was in that degree,
In eirth woninge as man shoulde be,
Chosen I have a good meanye,
On which I muste have mynde.
Nowe the have made ther mone to me,
And prayed speciallye, as I see,
Which I muste suffice with harte free,
Or elles I were unkinde.
Throughout the worlde the shall gone,
My dedes to preache to manye a one;
Yet steadfastnes in them is non,
To suffer for me anye.
Fleittinge yet the bene ichone;
But when my ghoste is them upon,
Then shall the after be as stiffe as stonne,
My deedes to certifie:
That to speake and expresse
All languages that ever yett was,
The shall have cuninge more and lesse,
Through force of heavenlye fier.
Also the shall have full power
To baptise men in watter cleare,
That beleven in good mannere,
To have full mynde on me;
And on all suche, withouten were,
The holye ghoste, at their praier,
Shall lighte on them, that the maye lere
In faith steadfaste to be.
Nowe will I sende anon in hye
To my brethren in companye
My ghoste to glade them graciously;
For that is their willinge:
In licknes of fier freelye,
That the maie stiffned be theirby,

My worckes to preach more steadfastly,
And theirby more cuninge.

Tunc Deus emittit spiritum in specie ignis, et in mittendo cantent duo angeli antiphonam, Acipite spiritum sanctum, quorum remiseritis peccata remittantur eis, etc. et cantando projicient ignem super apostolos; primus angelus in celo dicit.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

Reste well, all that bene heare,
My lorde you greetes, and his ghoste heare;
He byddes you dread no boste nor beare
Of Jewes farre ner nere;
But loke ye goe anon in hie
Into all the worlde by and by,
And also preach the faith meeklye,
And his worckes so dreade.

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

And through his ghoste that you bringe
You shall have understandinge
Of everye lande speakinge,
Whatsoever the saie;
And this worlde that is flittinge
You shall dispice over all thinge,
And heaven at your endinge
You shall have at youer paie.

PETRUS.

A! mercye, Lorde, full of mighte,
Bouth I feile and see in sighte
The holye ghoste is on us lighte:
Of fier this howse is full.

ANDREWAS.

Nowe have we that was us beheighte,
For full of love my harte is plighte,
And wiser then is anye wighte
Me thinke I am, i-wisse.

JACOBUS MAJOR.

Yea, Lorde, blessed muste thou be,
For bouth I feele and eke I see
The holye ghoste is lighte on me,
This quitte I am my mede.

JOHANNES.

For suche love, by my lewtie,
With this fier in my harte can flie,
That death to dye for my mayster free,
I have no manner dreed.

THOMAS.

And I thanke thee, bouth God and man,
For since this fier lighte me upon,
Of all languages well I can,
And speake them at my will.

JACOBUS MINOR.

I before that [was] but a fone
Am waxen as wise as Salomon ;
Ther is no scyence but I can thereon,
And cuninge to fullfill.

PHILLIPPUS.

And I that never coulde speake thinge,
Save Ebrewe that I learned yonge,
Nowe I can speake at my likinge
All languages loe and hye.

BARTHOLOMES.

And so stiffe I am of beleevinge,
That I doute no prince ne kinge,
My maysters myrackles for to mynge,
And for his love to dye.

MATHIEUS.

A ! blessed be my maister deare,
So littill while can us lere
All languages that ever were
Upon my tonge bene lighte.

SYMON.

My beleffe is nowe so cleare,
And love in harte so printed here,
To move my mynde in no manere
Ther is no man hath mighte.

JUDE.

Yea, since this fier came from an highe,
I am waxen so wounder slighte,
That all languages farre and nighe
My tonge will speake nowe righte.

MATHIAS.

Nowe seithen my Lorde to heaven steegh,
And sende his ghoste as he behighte,
To all destresses nowe am I dighte,
And will dye for the love of God almighte.

PETRUS.

Nowe, brethren, I rede us all in feare,
Make we the creede in good manere
Of my Lordes deedes deare,
That gladdeth hath us to daie;

And I will firste begine here,
Since Christe betoke me his power,
The lawe heareafter that we maie lere,
To further them in the faye.

Tunc Petrus incipiat, Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentem, creatorem celi et terre.

PETRUS.

I beleeve in God omnipotente,
That made heaven and eirth and firmament,
With steadfaste harte and trewe intente,
And he is my comforte.

Et in Jesum Christum filium ejus unicum dominum nostrum, et dicat

ANDREAS.

And I beleeve more I be lente,
In Jesu his sonne from heaven sente,
Vereye Christe that us hath kente,
And is our elders lore.

Qui conceptus est de spiritu sancto, natus ex Maria virgine, dicit

JACOBUS MAJOR.

And I beleeve, with boste,
In Jesu Christe, in mightest moste,
Conseveith through the holye ghoste,
And borne was of Marye.

Passus sub Pontio Pilato, crucifixus, mortuus, et sepultus, et dicat Johannes:

JOHANNES.

And I beleeve, as I cane see,
That under Pilate suffred he,

Skourged and nayled on roode tree,
And buryed was his fayer bodye.

Descendit ad inferna, tercia die resurrexit a mortuis, dicit Thomas:

THOMAS.

And I beleeve, and south can tell,
That he ghostlye wente to hell:
Delivered his that their did dwell,
And rose the thirde daie.

Ascendit ad celos, sedet ad dextram dei patris omnipotentis, dicit

JACOBUS MINOR.

And I beleeve fullye this,
That he steyed up to heaven blesse,
And on his fathers righte hande is,
To raigne for ever and aye.

Unde venturus est judicare vivos et mortuos, dicat

PHILLIPPUS.

And I beleeve, with harte steadfaste,
That he will come at the laste,
And deeme mankinde as he hath caste,
Bouth the quicke and the dead.

Credo in spiritum sanctum.

BARTHELEMEWE.

And my beleffe shalbe moste
In vertue of the holye ghoste,
And through his helpe, without boste,
My life I thinke to leade.

Sanctam ecclesiam catholicam, sanctorum communionem, dicat

MATHIEUS.

And I beleeve, through Godes grace,
Suche beleffe as holye chourch has,
That Godes bodye graunted us was
To use in forme of bredde.

Remissionem peccatorum.

SYMON.

And I beleve with devocion
Of synne to have remission,
Through Christes bloode and passion,
And heaven, when I am dead.

Carnis resurrexionem.

JUDE.

And I beleeve, as all we mon,
In the generall resurrexcion
Of eiche bodye, when Christe is borne
To deme bouth good and evill.

Et vitam eternam.

MATHEUS.

And I beleeve, as all we maye,
Everlastinge life after my daye
In heaven to have ever and aye,
And so overcome the devill.

PETRUS.

Nowe, brethren, I rede all we
Goe ichone to divers cuntreye,
And preache to shier and to cittye
The faith, as Christe us bade.

ANDREWAS.

Yea, leffe brethren, kisse nowe we
Icheon another before we dye,
For Godes will muste fulfilled be,
And that is nowe greate nede.

Tunc venient duo alienigene, quorum dicat primus

PRIMUS ALIENIGENA.

A ! ffelowe ! felowe ! for cockes pittie !
Are not thes men of Gallalye ?
Our language the can as well as we,
As ever eate I brede.

SECUNDUS ALIENIGENA.

Well I wotte, by my lewtye,
That within thes daies three,
On of them coulde not speake with me,
For to have bene dead.

PRIMUS ALIENIGENA.

Of all languages that be hereby
That come to Mesopotamye,
Capodorye and Jurye,
The jangle without wene,
Of the yle of Ponthus and Asye,
Friceland and Pamphani,
Egipte righte into Billi,
That is besyde Syren.

SECUNDUS ALIENIGENA.

Yea, also, men of Rabie,
And of Grece that is theirby,
Harden them prayse full tenderlye,
God of his owine grace ;

And we harden them witterlye
Prayse God faste, bouth thou and I;
Folowe we therfore, and spye
Howe goes this wounderous case.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, George Bellin. 1592.

XXIII. EZECHIEL.

The Clothe Workers Playe.

Pagina vicessima secunda Ezechiell
Facta este super me manus Domini et eduxit me spiritus Domini, et dimisit me in medio campi qui erat plenus ossibus, et circumduxit me per ea in giro. Hæc in libro Ezechielis, capitulo tricesimo septimo.

EZECHIELL.

Harken all that loven heale,
I am the prophette Ezechell;
What I sawe I will conseale,
But as me thoughte I will tell.
God his ghoste can with me deale,
That leade me longe with wordes leale,
Into a feilde wher bones fell,
All bare without fleshe or fell.
Then spake that ghoste unto me,
Sayde, Manes sonne, howe liketh thee?
Thinkeste thou not well this mighte be,
Thes bones mighte torne and live?
Then bade he me tell and prophesye,
That he woulde revive them sone in hye,
With fleshe and senowe and skyne theirby,
Which sone he can them geve.
After that ghoste he them gette,
Rise out their graves he them lette,
And made them stande uppon their feete,

Speake, goe, and see.
This sawe I righte in my sighte,
To knowe that he was God allmighte,
That heaven and eairth should deale and dighte,
And never shall ended be.

EXPOSITOR.

Nowe that you shall expresslye knowe
Thes prophettes wordes uppon a roe,
What the doe signifie I will shoe,
That moche maye doe you good.
By them understande maie I
The daye of dome skilfullye,
When men through Godes postie
Shall rise in fleshe and bloode.
Therfore this proffitte sayde full yare,
He sawe a feilde of bones bare,
And sone that ghoste can with them fare
Gave them fleshe and life.
Beleeve this fullye withouten wene,
That all which dead and rotten bene,
In fleshe shall rise, as shalbe seene,
Man, mayde, and wife ;
The that shalbe saved shalbe as brighte
As seven tymes the sonne is lighte,
The dampned [thester] shalbe in sighte,
Their dome to understande.
Bouth saved and dampned after that daie
Dye the maye not by no waie ;
God geve you grace to doe so aye,
That blesse ye maie goe to !

ZACARIAS.

Levavi oculos meos, et vidi, et ecce quatuor quadrige egredientes de medio duorum montium. capitulo sexto.

I Zacarie, men, leeves you me,
Lifte up my eyes a sighte to see,
And as me thoughte, by my lewtye,
Fower charrettes came anon
Out of towe hilles, leve you me,
Selver hilles the were, as witten me;
Greate wounder I hade in my degree
Wheither that the woulde gone.
Rede horses in one were readelye,
Another blacke that wente them by;
The thirde was whytte, I wotte not why;
The fourth of divers hewes;
The were stiffe drawinge lightlye.
Then anon answered I
To that angell in my bodye,
Which toulde me wordes trewe;
I asked hym then what it mighte be,
And he answered anon to me,
Thes charrettes, he sayde, which thou doste se,
Fower wyndes the be i-wysse,
Which shall bloe and readye be,
Before Christ, that prince which is of postie,
Ther is non so fell ther fitte may flee,
Nor wyne ther will from this.

EXPOSITOR.

Nowe for to morolize arighte,
Which this prophette sawe in sighte,
I shall founde through my mighte,
To you in meke mannere;
And declare that sone in heighte,
More plainlye as I have tighte,
Lightens nowe, with hartes lighte,
This leason for to learne.
Fower charrettes this prophette se howe [they]

Out of towe hilles toke their waye,
The hilles of silver, the south to saye,
The horses of divers hewes ;
Which hilles signifie maie
Enocke and Helye in good faye,
That as good silver shalbe aye,
Steadfaste men and trewe.
Fower charrettes he sawe, as thinkes me,
Of divers hewes that he can see,
Fower manner of sayntes in dignitie.
Licken them well maye I.
Martrisse, confessors, ther be towe ;
Men mysbelevinge converted also,
That torned shalbe from synne and woe
Through Enocke and Helye ;
Vyrgens also bouth one and moe ;
Here bene diveres hewes too,
That through Godes grace shall goe
For hym to suffer anoye.
Thes rede horses call I maye,
All manner of martrises in good faie,
For rede maye wel betocken aye
Manes blood sheedinge.
The whytte he saith betockeneth ther waie,
Above the eairth to goe astraye,
As suche as neither nighte nor daie
Dreaden death nothinge :
The blacke horses, which wente them by,
By them maie well signifie
Preachers of Godes worde trewlye,
That confessors shalbe.
The skewed horses, by myne intente,
The which into the south parte wente,
I maye well licken veramente
To Jewes and panymes eke :

But through harte, with faith fervente,
Shall torne to god amendmente.
When Enocke and Helye hath them kente,
Salvacion for to kepe.

Ego Danyell videbam in visione mea nocte, et ecce quatuor venti pugnabant in magno mari, et quatuor bestie grandes ascendebant de mare. capit. septimo. dicat

DANIELL.

I, Danyell, as I laye on a nighte,
Me thoughte I sawe a wounderous sighte,
Fower wyndes togeither the can feighte,
Above the sea upon hye ;
Fower beastes out of that sea yeade ;
To the fourth beaste I toke good heade,
For that to speake of nowe is nede,
The other all nowe I will leve.
That beaste was wounderous stiffe and stronge,
Of teeth and nayles sharpe and longe,
Eatinge over all that he coulde fonge,
The remnante he fore-treade.
Unlike he was to anye leade,
Tenne hornes he hade upon his heade,
In the meideste on littill horne can spreade
Above all other on hie :
That horne hade mouth to speake and [eyes] to see,
And spake greate wordes, leve you me ;
But of the tene the firste three
Sone were consumed awaie.
That on horne hade suche greate postie,
The remnante meke to hym to be,
That heiste was in that degree,
And indewered so manye a daie.
Then was it toulde me righte theire,
That tenne hornes tene kinges were,

But all that on shoulde feare,
That sprange upwarde so faste ;
And that he shoulde worcke againste that kinge,
That of naughte made all thinge,
But littill while without leasinge,
That kinge his mighte shoulde laste.

EXPOSITOR.

By this beaste understande I maye,
The worlde to come nexte domes daye ;
And by that horne, in good faye,
In medeste the ten can springe,
Antichriste I maie understande,
That then greate lorde shalbe in lande,
And all the world have in his hande,
Three yeaires and a halfe deweringe.

Tradentur in manu ejus usque ad tempus et tempora et dimidium temporis, et usque ad unum annum duos annos et dimidium anni. Danielis capitulo septimo.

Ten hornes ten kinges in lande shalbe,
Of wich Antichriste shall slea three,
The other sevone this case shall see,
And put them to his grace ;
This shal befalle witterlye,
By the understandinge that have I
Of Danyelles prophescye,
That here rehearsed was.

Dabo duobus testibus meis, et prophetabunt diebus mille ducentis et sexaginta amicti saccis. Apocalipseos undecimo.

JOHANNES EVANGELISTE.

I, John, Christes owine darlinge,
As I laye in greate longinge,

Uppon my maisters breste slepinge,
Wounders sawe I manye one.
My ghoste was ravished, without leasinge,
To heaven before that higheste kinge,
Ther sawe I manye a wounderous thinge:
One will I tell you anon.
Ther harde I God greatlye commende
Towe wittnesses which he thoughte for to sende,
False faithes for to defende,
That raysed were by his foe;
He sayde the shoulde prophescye
A thousande daies, witterlye,
Towe hundreth and sixtie
In sackes clade the shoulde goe;
He called them chaundlers of great lighte,
Borninge before Godes sighte,
Fier out of their mouthes the shoulde feighte
Ther enemyes for to destroye;
Whosoever them harmed, as saith he,
Dead behovede hym for to be,
To lett the raigne the hade postie
In tyme of their prophescye;
He sayde the shoulde have power good
To torne the watter into blude,
And overcome ther enemyes that were wood,
And maister them through their power;
And when the had done their vower,
A beaste shoulde come of greate power,
From beneath, withouten were:
Againste them he shoulde feighte,
And slea them also shoulde he,
In medeste of the holye cittie,
Wher Christe was nayled on a tree,
For south, as I you tell:

But after three daies and halfe one,
The shall rise, speake, and gone,
And into heaven be tacken anon,
In joye ever more to dwell.

EXPOSITOR.

Nowe, lordinges, what thes thinges maye be,
I praye you harcken all to me,
And expresslye in certentie,
As I have mighte and grace:
And I shall expounde this same thinge,
Which saynte John sawe this slepinge,
Through helpe of Jesu heavenlye kinge,
Anon righte in this place.
These towe wittnesses witterlye,
He sayde the shoulde come and prophesye,
The one is Enocke, the other Helye,
Shall have greate mighte and mayne,
That when Antichriste comes in hie,
Godes people for to destroye,
That he deceaived full falslye
The shall converte againe.
Manye signes the shall shewe,
Which the people shall well knowe,
And in their tocken trewlye trowe,
And leive it steadfastlye;
And all that torne, leve you me,
Antichriste will slea through his postie,
But vereye martrises the shalbe,
And come to heaven on hie.
The beaste that John spake of heare,
Is Antichriste, withouten were,
Which shall have the devilles power,
And with thes good men meete;
And at the laste witterlye,

He shall slea Enocke and Helye,
In Jerusalem, as reade I,
Even in medeste of the streete.
Nowe that you shall knowe and seene
What men Enocke and Helye bene,
While that I have tyme:
The are towe good men, leeve you me,
To Parradise, through Godes postie,
Were ravished bouth, and ther shalbe
Ever tell the daie shall come.
The on was taken for he was good,
Longe before Noyes floode,
And ther he lives in fleshe and blood,
As fullye leven yea;
The other was taken, withouten weare,
After that manye a hundreth yeaire,
And ther togeither the bene in feare,
Untell that tyme shalbe.

Signa quindecim magna que secundum opiniones doctorum extremum precedent judicium ab antiquis Hebreorum codicibus selecta a doctore hujus pagine recitanda.

Signa 15.

Nowe xv. signes, while I have space,
I shall declare by Godes grace,
Of which sainte Jerome mencion mase,
To fal before the daie of dome;
The which were wrytten on a roe,
He found in boke of Ebrewe,
Nowe will I tell, in wordes fewe,
A while yf you will dwell.
The firste daie, I wrytten fynde,
The sea shall rise againste kinde, 1
And as a walle againste the wynde,
Above all hilles on hie

Fourtie cubetes, as rede we.
2 The secounde daie so loe shalbe,
That scarslye a man the sea shall see,
Stande he never so nie.
3 The thirde daye after, as rede I,
Greate fishes above the sea shall lye,
Yell and rore so headiouslye,
That onlye God shall heare.
4 The fourth daie nexte after then,
Sea and watter all shall brene
Againste kinde, that men maye kene,
The ende as though it were.
5 The fifte daye, as rede we,
All manner erbes, and also tree,
Of bluddye dewe all full shalbe,
Foules shall gather them, as I fynde,
To feildes, eichon in their kinde,
To eate and drinke shall have no mynde,
But stande all madde and mased.
6 The sixte daye in the worlde over all,
Builded thinges to grounde shall falle,
Churshe, cittie, howse, and wall,
And men in graves dare ;
Layte and fier also verament,
From the sonne to the firmamente
Up and downe shall stricke and glente,
And all nighte so fowle fare.
7 The seventh daye bouth roccke and stonne
Shall breake in sunder and feighte as fonne ;
The sounde whereof shall heare no man,
But onlye God allmighte.
8 The eighte daie earthquake shalbe,
That men and beaste, beleeve you me,
To stande or goe shall faile postie,
But falle to ground all righte.

The ninth daie, as our bookes sayen, 9
Hilles shall fall and waxe all plaine,
Stonne torne to sande through Godes mayne,
So strette men shalbe stadde.
The tenth daye men that hyde have bene, 10
Out of ther caves the shall fleye.
To speake togeither have no postie,
But goe as the were madde.
The leventh daie, from morowe to even, 11
All buryalles in the worlde open shalbene,
That deade maye rise withouten wene
Above the eairth standinge.
The twelffte daye starres shall fall in hie, 12
Of fier shotte from them hediouslye,
All manner of beastes shall rore and crye,
And nether eate nor drinke.
The xiijth daie shall dye all men, 13
And rise againe anon righte then.
The xiiijth daye all shall brene, 14
Bouth eirth and eke heaven.
The xvth daye made shalbe, 15
Newe eairth, newe heaven, through Gods postie,
Which heaven God graunte us in to be,
For his names seven.
Nowe have I toulde you, in good faye,
The tockens to come before domesdaie;
God geve you grace to doe so aye,
That you then worthy be,
To come to the blesse that lasteth aye,
As moche as we heare and our plaie.
Of Antichristes signes you shall assaie
He comes sone you shall see.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

XXIV. ANTICHRIST.

The Dyars Playe.

Pagina vicesima tercia de adventu Antechristi: dicit

ANTECHRISTIE.

De celso throno poli, pollens clarior sole,
Age vos monstrare, descendi vos judicare;
Reges et principes sunt subditi sub me viventes;
Sitis sapientes vos, semper in me credentes,
Et faciam flentes gaudere atque dolentes;
Sic omnes gentes gaudebunt in me sperantes.
Descendi presens rex pius et perlustrator,
Princeps eternus vocor, Christus, vester salvator.

All leedes in lande nowe be lighte,
That wilbe ruled throughout the righte,
Your savyour nowe in your sighte
Heare maye you safflye see;
Messias, Christe, and moste of mighte,
That in the lawe was you beheighte,
All mankinde to joye to dighte
Is comen, for I am he.
Of me was spocken in prophesye,
Of Moyses, David, and Esay,
I am he the calle Messye,
Forbyear of Isarell.
Those that leeve on me steadfastlye
I shall them save from anoye,

And joye righte as have I
With them I thinke to deale.

De me enim dicitur Ezechiel. tricesimo sexto: Tollam vos de gentibus, et congregabo vos de universis terris, et reducam vos in terram vestram: et dicit

But on hath ligged me here in lande,
Jesu he heighte I understande,
To further falsehoode he can founde,
And farde with fantasye;
His wickednes he woulde not wound,
Tell he was tacken and put in bande,
And slayne through vertue of my sound,
This is south sickerlye.
My people of Jewes he coulde twayne,
That ther lande came the never in,
On them nowe muste I myne,
And restore them againe;
To builde this temple will I not blene,
As God honoured be theirin,
And endles wayle I shall them wyn,
All that to me be bayne.

De me enim dicitur in psalmo: adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum in timore tuo: et dicat

One thinge me glades, be you boulde,
As Danyell, the prophette, before me toulde,
All wemen in worlde me love shoulde,
And their fairenes to founde;
This prophescye I shall well houlde,
Which is moste likinge to yonge and oulde,
I thinke faste manye to houlde,
And their fairenes to founde.
Also he toulde them, leeve you me,
That I of geiftes shoulde be freey,

Which prophecye done shalbe,
When I my realme have wonnan.
And that I shoulde graunte mercye,
Rived riches, lande and fee,
Yt shalbe done that you shall see,
When I am heither comon.

Dabit eis potestatem, et multis terram dividit gratuito.
Danielis decimo tercio: et dicit

What saye you, kinges that heare be lente?
Are not my wordes at your assente,
That I am Christe omnipotente?
Leeve you not this eichone?

PRIMUZ REX.

We leven, lorde, withouten lette,
That Christe is not comen yette.
Yf thou be he, thou shalbe sette
In temple as God above.

SECUNDUS REX.

Yf thou be Christe, called Messye,
That from our balle shall us bye,
Doe before us maysterye,
A signe that we maie see.

TERCIUS REXE.

Then will I leeve that it is soe,
Yf thou doe wounders or thou goe,
So that thou save us of our woe,
Then honoured shall thou be.

QUARTUS REXE.

Fowle have we leeved manye a yeaire,

And of our weninge manye a were ;
And thou be Christe nowe comon heare,
Then maye thou stinte all striffe.

ANTECHRISTIE.

That I am Christe and Christe wilbe,
By verrye signes you shall see,
For dead men, through my postie,
Shall rise from death to life.
Nowe will I torne all through my thoughte
Treyes downe the rootes up righte,
That is marvayle to your sighte,
With frute growing upon.
So shall the grooe and multiplie,
Through my mighte and my maisterye,
I put you out of heresye
To leeve me uppon.
And bodyes that bene dead and slayne,
Yf I maye rayse them up againe,
Then honoures me with might and mayne,
Then shall no man you greve.
For south then after will I dye,
And rise againe through my postie,
Yf I maye doe this marvelouslye ;
I rede you on me leeve.
Men buryed in graves you maye se,
What maisterye is nowe hope ye,
To rayse them up through my postie,
And all through my owne accorde ?
Wheither I in my godheade be,
By vereye signes you shall see :—
Rise up dead men and honour me,
And knowe me for your lorde.

Tunc resurgent mortui de sepulcris.

PRIMUZ MORTUUS.

O lorde, to thee I aske mercye ;
I was dead, but live I ;
Nowe wotte I well and witterlye,
That Christe is heither come.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

Hym honoure we and all men,
Devoutlye knelinge on our knye,
Worshipped be thou ther, amen,
Christe our name is comen.

ANTECHRISTIE.

That I shall fulfill whollye wrytten,
You shall wotte and knowe well it,
For I am walle [of] wayle and witte,
And lorde of everye lande ;
And as the prophette Sophanye
Speakes of me righte witterlye,
I shall rehearse readelye
That clarke shall understande.

Expecta me in die resurrectionis mee in futurum, quia judicium ut congregem gentes et colligam regna. Sophon. 3.

Nowe will I dye, that you shall see,
And rise againe through my postie,
I will in grave that you put me,
And worshipe me aloone ;
For in this temple a tombe is made,
Therin my bodye shalbe layde,
Then will I rise as I have sayde,
Take teene to me ichone.
And after my resurrexcion,
Then will I sitte in greate renowne,

And my ghoste sende to you downe,
In forme of fier full soone.
I dye, I dye! nowe am I deade!

PRIMUS REXE.

Nowe seith this worthy lorde is dead,
And his grace is with us lead,
To take his bodye it is my read,
And burye it in a grave.

SECUNDUS REXE.

For south and so he to us sayde,
In a tombe he woulde be layde,
Nowe goe we fourth all in a breade,
From destres he maie us save.

Tunc transeunt ad Antichristum.

TERCIUS REX.

Take we the bodye of this sweete,
And burye it loe under the greete.
Nowe, lorde, comforte us we thee beseeke,
And sende us of thy grace.

QUARTUS REX.

And yf he rise sone through his mighte,
From death to life, as he behighte,
Hym will I honoure daye and nighte,
As God in everye place.

Tunc recedent de tumulo usque ad terram.

PRIMUS REX.

Nowe wote I well that he is dead,

For nowe in grave we have hym layde ;
Yf he rise, as he hath sayde,
He is of full greate mighte.

SECUNDUS REX.

I can not leeve hym uppon,
But yf he rise hym selfe alone,
As he hath sayde to manye a one,
And shewe hym heare in sighte.

TERCIUS REX.

Tell that my savyour be risen againe,
In faith my harte maye not be fayne,
[My body eke will not be bayne,]
Tell I hym see with eye.

QUARTUS REXE.

I muste mourne with all my mayne,
Tell Christe were risen up againe,
And of that mirackle make us fayne :
Rise up, lorde, that we maye see.

Tunc Antichristus levat corpus suum surgens a mortuis.

ANTICHRISTIE.

I rise nowe ! reverense nowe doe to me,
God glorified, created of degree ;
Yf I be Christe, nowe leeve you me,
And worke after my will.

PRIMUS REX.

O lorde, welckome moste thou be,
That thou arte God nowe leeve we,
Therfore goe sitte up in thy see,
And kepe our sacrifice.

SECUNDUS REX.

For south, in seate thou shalbe sette,
And honoured with lande greate,
As Moyses lawe that lasteth yette,
As he hath sayde before.

TERCIUS REX.

O gracious lorde, goe sytte downe then,
And we shall kneele upon our k[n]ene,
Worshipe thee as thy owne men,
And worke after thy lore.

Tunc ascendit Antichristus ad cathedram.

Heither we be comen with good intente
To make our sacrifice, lorde excelente,
With this lambe that I have heare hente,
Kneelinge thee before;
Thou graunte grace to doe and saye,
And yf it be pleasinge to thee aye,
To thy blesse that come we maye,
And never from it be borne.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A! lorde, I God, I highe justice,
I Christe that made the dead to rise,
Here I receive your sacrifice,
And blesse you fleshe and fell.

Tunc recedent ab Antichristo.

I will nowe sende my holye ghoste,
You kinges also you I tell,
To knowe me lorde of mightes moste,
Of heaven, eairth, and hell.

Tunc emittit spiritum dicens, Dabo vobis cor novum et spiritum novum in medio vestri.

QUARTUS REX.

A God ! a lorde ! mickell of mighte,
This holye ghoste is in me pighte,
Me thinkes my harte is vereye lighte,
Seith it came into me.

PRIMUZ REX.

Lorde, we thee honour daie and nighte,
For thou sheweste us in sighte,
Righte as Moyses us behighte,
Honoured muste thou be.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Yet worthy workes to your will
Of prophescye I shall fulfill,
As Danyell prophescyed untill,
That baundes I shoulde devise.
That prophescye yt shalbe done,
And that you shall see righte sone ;
Worshipes me all that you mon,
And doe after the wise.
You kinges, I shall advanse you all,
And because your regions be but small,
Citties, castilles shall you befall,
With townes and towres gaye.
I am vereye God of mighte,
All thinges I made through my mighte,
Sonne and mone, daie and nighte,
To blesse I maie you bringe ;
And the geiftes that I behighte,
You shall have, as is good righte ;
Hense or I goe out of your sighte,

Eichone shall knowe his dole.
To thee I geve Lombardye,
And to thee Denmarke and Hongarye,
And take thou Ponthous and Italye,
And Rome yt shalbe thyne.

SECUNDUS REX.

Graunte mercye, lorde, your giftes to daie,
Honour we will thee allwaie,
For we were never so riche, in good faye,
Nor non of all our kynne.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Therfore be trewe and steadfaste aye,
And trewlye leeves on my lawe;
For I will harcken on you to daye,
Steadfaste if I you fynde.

Tunc recedet Antichristus, et venient Enocke et Elias.

ENOCKE.

Allmightie God in magistie,
That made the heaven and eirth to be,
Fier, watter, stonne, and tree,
And man through thy mighte;
The poyntes of thy previtie
Anye eirthlye man to see
Is inpossible, as thinkes me,
For anye worldlye wighte.
Gracious lorde, that arte so good,
That who so longe in fleshe and blood
Hath graunted life and heavenlye foode,
Lett never our thoughtes be defiled;
But geve us, Lorde, mighte and mayne,
Or we of this shrewe be slayne,
To converte thy people againe,

That he hath thus begiled.
Synce the worldes begininge,
I have lived in greate likinge,
Through helpe of highe heavenlye kinge,
In Parradice without anoye;
Tell we harde tockeninge
Of this theives cominge,
That nowe in eirth is raigninge,
And doth Godes folkes destroye.
To Parradise tacken I was that tyde,
This thiffes cominge to abyde,
And Helye, my brother here bysyde,
Was after sente to me;
With this champion we muste chyde,
That nowe in worlde walketh wyde,
To disprove his pompe and pride,
And payer all his postie.

HELYE.

O Lorde, that madeste all thinge,
And longe hath lente us levinge,
Lette never the devilles power springe,
This man hath hym with in;
God geve you grace bouth ould and yonge.
To knowe deceate in his doinge,
That you maye come to that likinge
Of blesse that never shall blyne.
I warne you all men witterlye,
This is Enocke, I am Elye,
Be comen his errores to destroye,
That he nowe to you shewes.
He calles hym Christe and Messye,
He lyes for south apeartelye,
He is the devill you to anoye,
And for non other hym knowes.

PRIMUZ REX.

A ! men, what speake you of Helye
And Enocke ? the bene bouth in companye ;
Of our blood the bene witterlye,
And we bene of their kinde.

QUARTUS REX.

We reden in bookes of our lawe,
That the to heaven were i-drawe,
And yet bene their, is the comen sawe,
Wrytten as men maye fynde.

ENOCKE.

We bene those men, for south i-wisse,
Comen to tell you doe amisse,
And bringe you soules to heaven blesse,
Yf it were anye boote.

HELYE.

This devilles lyme that comon is,
That saith heaven and eirth is his,
Nowe we be readye, leeve you this,
Againste hym for to mote.

PRIMUZ REX.

Yf that we heare witte mone,
By prouffes of disputacion,
That you have skill and reason,
With you we will abyde.

SECUNDUS REX.

Yf your skilles maie doe hym downe,
To dye with you we wilbe bowne,
In hope of salvacion,
What so ever betyde.

ENOCKE.

To doe hym downe we shall assaye,
Through mighte of Jesu borne of a maye,
By righte and reason, as you shall saye,
And that you shall well heare;
And for that cause heither we be sente,
By Jesu Christe omnipotente,
And that you shall not al be shente,
He boughte you all full deare.
Be glade therfore, and make you cheare,
And I doe read, as I do lere,
For we be comen in good mannere
To save you everye one.
And dread you not for that selfe fende,
For you shall see him caste behynde,
Or we departe or from hym wende,
And shame shall lighte hym one.

Et sic transibunt Enocke et Helias ad Antichristum.

Saye, thou verreye devilles lyme,
That syttes so grisslye and so gryme,
From hym thou came and shall to hym,
For manye a soule thou deceives;
Thou haste deceived men manye a daie,
And made the people to thy paie,
And bewiched them into a wronge waye,
Wickedlye with thy willes.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A! false features, you from me fleyne,
Am not I moste in majestie?
What men dare name them thus to me,
Or make such distance?

HELYE.

Fye on thee, feature, fie on thee!
The devilles owine nurrye;

Through hym thou preacheste and has postie
A while through sufferance.

ANTECHRISTUS.

O you ippocrittes, that so cryne,
Lossilles, lurdenes, so loudlye lyne,
To spill my lawe you spine,
That speache is good to spare.
You that my trewe faith defyne,
And needles my folke devyne,
From hense hastelye but you hyne,
To you comes sorowe and care.

ENOCKE.

Thy sorowe and care come on thy heade,
For falslye through thy wicked read,
The people is put to paine;
I woulde thy bodye were from thy heade,
Twentye miles from it leade,
Tell I it broughte againe.

ANTECHRISTE.

Out on thee, rasarde, with thy wiles,
For falslye my people thou begyles,
I shall thee hastelye honge;
And that lurden that standes thee by,
He puttes my folke in greate anoye
With his false flatteringe tonge.
But I shall teach you curtesye,
Your Savyour to knowe anon in hye,
False theifes, with your heresye,
And yf you dare abyde.

HELYE.

Yes, for south, for all thy pryde,

Through grace of God allmight,
Here we purpose for to abyde;
And all the worlde that is so wyde
Shall wounder on thee on everye syde,
Soone in all mens sighte.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on you, theifes bouth towe!
Ech man may se you be soe,
All by youer araye,
Muffled in mantilles non such I knowe,
I shall make you lowte full loe,
Or I departe you all froo,
To knowe me lorde for aye.

ENOCKE.

We be no theifes, we thee tell,
Thou false feynde comen from hell;
With thee we porpose for to mell,
My ffellowe and I in feare;
To knowe thy power and thy mighte,
As we thes kinges have beheighte,
And therto we be readye dighte,
That all men maye nowe heare.

ANTECHRISTUS.

My mighte is moste, I telle to thee;
I dyed, I rose, through my postie,
That all thes kinges sawe with ther eye,
And everye man and wife;
And myrackles and marvayles I did also.
I counscell you therfore bouth towe
To worshipe me and no moe,
And lett us nowe no more strive.

HELYE.

The were no mirackles, but marvayles thinges,
That thou shewed unto thes kinges,
[Into falsehood thou them bringes,]
Through the feyndes crafte;
And as the flower nowe springes,
Falleth, faith, and hanges,
So thy joye it raignes,
That shalbe from thee rafte.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on thee, theiffe, that sittes so still!
Why wylte thou not speake them tyll,
That comen me to reprove?

DOCCTER.

O lorde maister, what shall I saye then?

ANTECHRISTUS.

I beshrewe bouth thy kenne,
Arte thou nowe for to kene?
In faith I shall thee greeve.
Of my godheade I made thee wise,
And sette thee ever at mickell prise,
Nowe I woulde feile thy good advise,
And heare what thou wouldeste saye.
Thes lossilles the woulde fayne me greve,
And no thinge on me the wil beleeve,
But ever be readye me to reprove,
And all the people of my lawe.

DOCCTER.

O lorde, thou arte so mickell of mighte,
Me thinke thou shoulde ne chide ne feighte,
But curse them, lorde, through thy mighte,

Then shall the fare full ylle.
For thoes thou blesses the shall well speede,
And thoes whom thou curses the are but dead;
This is my counscell and my reade,
Yender heritickes for to spille.

ANTECHRISTUS.

The same I purposed, leeve thou me,
All thinges I knowe through my postie,
But yette thy witte I thoughte to see,
That was myne intente:
It shalbe done full witterlye,
The sentence geven full openlye,
With my mouth trewlye,
Upon them shalbe hente.—
My curse I geve you to amend your meeles,
From your heade unto your heeles;
Walke you fourth in twentie devilles waie!

ENOCKE.

Yea, thou shall never come *in celis*,
For falslye with thy wyles,
The people is put in paine.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on you, theives! why fare you thus?
Whether had you rather have paine or blesse?
I maye you save from all amisse;
I made the daie and eke the nighte,
And all that is on eairth growinge,
Flowers freshe that faier can springe,
And the starres that be so brighte.

HELYE.

Thou lyeste, vengance on thee befalle!

Out on thee, wreche! wrath thee I shall:
Thou calleste thee kinge and lorde of all,
A feynd is thee within.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Thou lyeste falslye, I thee tell,
Thou wilbe dampned into hell;
I made thee man of fleshe and fell,
And all that is livinge.
For other Godes have you non,
Therfore worshipe me alone,
The which hath made the watter and stonne,
And all at my likinge.

ENOCKE.

For south, thou lyeste falslye,
Thou arte a feynde comen to anoye
Godes people that standes us by;
In hell I woulde thou were.

HELYE.

Fye on thee, fellon! fie on thee, fie!
For all thy wichcrafte and sorcerye,
To mote with thee I am readye,
That all thes people maie heare.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on you, harlottes! whense come ye?
Where have you any other Godes but me?

ENOCKE.

Yes, Christe, God in trenitie,
Thou false feature ataynte,
That sende his sonne from heaven see,

That for mankinde dyed on roode tree,
That shall make thee full sone to fleye,
Thou feature false and faynte.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Ryballes ruled out of raye,
What is the Trenitie for to saie.

HELYE.

Three persones, as thou leeve maie,
In on godheade in free;
Father and sonne, that is no naye,
And the holye ghoste styringe aye,
That is on God vereye,
Bene all three named heare.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Out on you, theives! what sayen ye?
Will ye have on God and three?
Howe dare you so saye?
Madmen, maddmen, leeve on me,
That am on god, so is not he;
Then maye you live in joye and lee
All this lande, I dare laye.

ENOCKE.

Naye, tyrrante, understande thou this,
Without begininge his godhead is,
And also without endinge is,
Thus fullye leven wee;
And thou that ingendred was amisse,
Haste begininge, and nowe this blesse
An ende shall have, no dread their is,
Fully fowle, as men shall see.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Wreches, glowes, you be blente,
Godes sonne I am from hym sente:
Howe dare you mentayne your intente,
Seith he and I be one?
Have I not, since I came hym froe,
Made the dead to rise and goe,
And to men I sente my ghoste also,
That leeve me uppon?

HELYE.

Fie on thee, fellon! fie on thee, fie!
For through his mighte and maisterye,
By sufferance of God allmightie,
The people is blente through thee.
Yf thoes men be raysed witterlye,
Without the devilles fantasye,
Here shalbe provid perfectlye,
That all men shall see.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A! fooles, I rede you leeve me uppon,
That mirackles have shewed to manye one,
To the people everyechone,
To put them out of doubte;
Therfore I rede you hastelye,
Convertes to me moste mightelye,
I shall you save from anoye,
And that I am aboute.

ENOCKE.

Nowe of thy mirackles woulde I see.

HELYE.

Therfore come heither we be,

Doe what is thy great postie,
And some therof to lere.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Sone maye you see, yf you will abyde;
For I will neither feight ney chide,
Of all the worlde that is so wyde
Therin is not my peare.

ENOCKE.

Bringe fourth thes men heare in our sighte,
That thou haste raysed againste the righte:
Yf thou be so mickell of mighte,
To make them eate and drinke;
For vereye God we will thee knowe,
Suche a signe yf thou will shoe,
And doe thee reverense on a roe,
All at thy likinge.

ANTECHRISTUS.

Wreches, dampned al be ye;
But naughte for that it falleth me,
As gracious God, abydinge be,
Yf you will mende your life.
You dead men rise through my postie,
Come eate and drinke that men maye see,
And prove me worthye of dietie,
Soe shall we stinte all striffe.

PRIMUS MORTUUS.

Lorde, thy byddinge I will doe aye,
And for to eate I will assaye.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

And I also, all that I maye,
Will doe thy byddinge heare.

HELYE.

Have heare breade bouth towe:
But I muste blesse it or I goe,
That the feyende, mankindes foe,
On it have no power.
This breade I blesse with my hande,
In Jesus name I understande,
The which is lorde of sea and lande,
And kinge in heaven so hye;
In nomine patris that all hath wroughte,
Et filii virginis that deare us boughte,
Et spiritus sancti is all my thoughte,
One God and persones three.

PRIMUS MORTUUS.

Alas! put that bread out of my sighte,
To loke on it I am not lighte;
That printe that is upon it pighte,
Hit puttes me to greate feare.

SECUNDUS MORTUUS.

To loke on it I am not lighte,
That breade to me hit is so brighte,
And is my foe daye and nighte,
And puttes me to greate dreade.

ENOCKE.

Nowe you men that have done amisse,
You see well what his power is;
Convertes to hym I reade, i-wisse,
That you on roode hath boughte.

TERCIUS REX.

And nowe we knowe appeartelye,
We have bene broughte in heresye,

With you to death we will for-thy,
And never torne our thoughte.

QUARTUS REX.

Nowe, Enocke and Helye, it is no naye,
You have taynted the tyrrande this same daie,
Blessed be Jesu borne of a maye,
On hym I leeve upon.

PRIMUS REX.

Thou feature, fere with fantasye,
With sorcerye, wichcrafte, and negremonscye,
Thou haste us leade in heresye:
Fie on thy workes eichone.

SECUNDUS REX.

Jesu, for thy mickell grace,
Forgeve us all our treaspas,
And bringe us to thy heavenlye place,
As thou arte God and man;
Nowe am I wise made through thy mighte,
Blessed be Jesu daye and nighte,
This greisslye grome greetes hym to feighte,
To slea us heare anon.

TERCIUS REX.

Of our lyves let us not reche,
Though we be slayne of suche a wrech,
For Jesus sake, that maye us lech,
Our soules to bringe to blesse.

QUARTUS REX.

That was well sayde, and so I assente,
To dye for south is myne intente,
For Christes love omnipotente,
In cause that is rightewise.

ANTECHRISTUS.

A ! false features, torne you nowe ?
You shalbe slayne, I make a vowe,
And thoes traytores that so torned you,
I shall make them unfayne ;
That all other, by vereye sighte,
Shall knowe that I am moste of mighte,
For with this sworde I thinke to feighte,
For all you shalbe slayne.

Tunc Antechristus occidit Enocke et Heliam et omnes reges conversos cum gladio, et redibit ad cathedram ; cum dicat Michell cum gladio in dextera sua.

MICHELL ARCKEANGELL.

Antichriste, nowe is comen this daye,
Raigne no longer thou ne maie,
He that hath lead thee alwaie,
Nowe hym thou muste goe to.
No more men shalbe slayne by thee,
My lorde will dead that thou be,
He that hath geven thee his postie
Thy soule shall underfoe.
In synne ingendered firste thou was,
In synne lead thy life thou haste,
In synne an ende nowe thou mase,
That marred hath manye a one.
Three yeairs and halfe on witterlye,
Thou hast hade leave to destroye
Godes people wickedlye,
Through thy fowle reade.
Nowe thou shall knowe and witt in hie,
That more is Godes magistie,
Then eke the devilles and thyn theirby,
Nowe thou shalbe deade.
Thou haste ever served Sathanas,

And hade his power in everye place,
Therfore thou gettes no other grace,
With hym thou muste gone.

Tunc Michell occidit Antechristum, et in occidendo clamat Antechristus, helpe! helpe! helpe! helpe!

ANTECHRISTUS.

Helpe, Sathanas and Lucifier,
Bellsabube, bolde Balacher,
Ragnell, Ragnell, thou arte my deare,
Nowe fare I wounder evill.
Alas! alas! wher is my power!
Alas! my witte is in a were;
Nowe bodye and soule bouth in feare,
And all goeth to the devill.

Tunc morietur Antechristus, et venient duo demones et dicunt ut sequitur.

PRIMUS DEMON.

Anon, maister, anon, anon!
From hell grounde I harde thee grone;
I thought not to come my selfe aloone,
For worshipe of thyn estate;
With us to hell thou shalte gone,
For this death we make greate mone,
To wyne more soules into our pon,
But nowe it is to late.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

With me thou shalte, from me thou come,
Of me shall come thy laste dome,
For thou haste well deserved;
And through my mighte and my maisterye,
Thou haste lived in dignitie,
And manye a sowle deceivede.

PRIMUZ DEMON.

This bodye was gotten by myne assente,
In cleane hordome veramente,
Of mother wombe, or that he wente,
I was hym within:
And taughte hym eever myne intente,
Synne by which he shalbe shente,
For he he did my comaundment,
His soule shall never blyne.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Nowe, felowe, in faith, greate mone we maie make,
For this lorde of estate that standeth in this stead,
Many a fatt morscell we hade for his sake
Of soules that shoulde bene hange in hel by the head.

[*Tunc aufertur corpus Antechristi a demonibus.*

DEMON PRIMUS.

His soule with sorrow in hand have I hent;
Yea, penance and payne sone shall he feele.
To Lucifer that lord it shall be present,
That burne shall as a brand, his sorrow shall not feele.

DEMON SECUNDUS.

This procter of prophesy hath procured many one
In his lawes for to leeve and lose for his sake;
Ther soules bene in sorrow, and his shall be sone,
Such maystryes through my might many one do I make.

Postquam demones loquuti fuerint, resurgent Eenoch et Helias ab Antechristo cesi, et auditoribus status suos commonstrabunt.

DEMON PRIMUS.

With Lucifer that lord long shall he lenge,
In a seat aye with sorrow with him shall he sytt.

DEMON SECUNDUS.

Yea by the heeles in hell shall he henge,
In a dongeon deep right in hell pitt.]

PRIMUZ DEMON.

To helle will I hye without anye fay[l]e
With this presente of price theither to bringe.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Thou take hym by the toppe and I by the tayle,
A sorowfull songe in faith he shall singe.

[DEMON PRIMUS.

A ! fellow, a dole looke that thou now deale
To all this fayr company, hence er thou wend.

DEMON SECUNDUS.

Yea, sorrow and care ever shall they feele,
All sinnfull shall dwell in hell at ther last ende.]

ENOCKE.

A ! lorde that all shall leade,
And bouth deme the quicke and dead,
That reverence thee thou on them read,
And them through righte releved.
I was deade and righte here slayne,
But through thy mighte and thy mayne,
Thou haste me raysed up againe ;
Thee will I love and leeve.

HELYE.

Yea, lorde, blessed muste thou be !
My fleshe glorified nowe I see,
Witte ner sleighte againste thee
Conspired maye be by noe waie.

All that leve in thee steadfastlye,
Thou helpes, lorde, from all anoye,
For dead I was and nowe live I,
Honoured be thou ever.

MICHELL.

Enocke and Helye, come you anon;
My lorde will that you with me gone
To heaven blesse bouth bloode and bone,
Ever more their to be.
You have bene longe, for you be wise,
Dwellinge in eirthlye Paradise;
But to heaven, wher hym selfe is,
Nowe shall you goe with me.

Tunc abducens eos ad celum, cantabit angelus, Gaudete justi in Domino.

Finis. Deo gracias! per me, Georgi Bellin. 1592.

XXV. DOOMSDAY.

The Websters Playe.

Pagina vicessima quarta, et omnium postrema, de judicio extremo.

DEUS.

Ego sum alpha et oo,
primus et novissimus,

I, God, greateste in degree,
In whom begininge non maye be,
That I am pearles of postie
Nowe appeartlye shalbe proved.
In my godheade are persons three,
Maye non in faye from other fley,
Yet soveraigne mighte, that is in me,
Maie justlye be meved.
It is full yore since I beheighte
To make a reckoninge of the righte;
Nowe to that dome I will me dighte,
That I dead shall dewlye dreade.
Therfore my angelles fayer and brighte,
Loke that you awake ech worldlye wighte,
That I maie see all in my sighte,
That I bloode for can bleede.
Shewe you my crosse appeartlye here,
Crowne of thorne, spunge, and speare,
And nayles to them that wanted never,

To come to this anoye.
And what weede for them I weare,
Uppon my bodye nowe I beare,
The moste stowteste this sighte shall steare
That standes by streete or stye.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

Lorde, that madeste through thy mighte
Heaven and eirth, daie and nighte,
Without distance we be dighte
Your byddinge for to done;
And for to awake ich worldlye wighte
I shalbe readie, and that in heighte,
That the shall shewe them in thy sighte,
Thou shal se, Lorde, full sone.

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

Take we our beames and faste bloe,
All mankinde shall them knowe,
Good accompte that nowe can showe
Sone it shalbe seene;
That have done well in ther levinge,
The shall have joye without endinge,
That well have done without mendinge,
Shall ever have sorowe and teene.

Tunc angeli tubas accipient et flabunt, et omnes mortui de sepulcris surgent, quorum dicat primus papa salvatus,

PAPA SALVATUS.

A! Lorde, mercye nowe aske we,
That dyed for us on roode tree;
It is three hundred yeaires and three
Since I was putte in grave:
Nowe through thy mighte and thy postie

Thy beames blaste hath raysed me
In fleshe and bloode, as I nowe see,
My judgmente for to have.
While that I lived in fleshe and bloode,
Thy greate godheade, that is so good,
Ne knewe I never, but ever was woode
Worshippes for to wyn ;
The wyttes, Lorde, thou sente to me,
I spente to come to greate degree,
The higheste office under thee
In eirth thou putteste me in.
Thou graunteste me, Lorde, through thy grace
Petteres power and his place,
Yet was I blente : alas ! alas !
I did not thy assente,
But my fleshlye will that wicked was,
The which raysed nowe thou haste,
I-furthred, Lorde, before thy face,
Shall take his judgmente.
When I in eirth was at my will,
This worlde me blente lowde and still,
But thy commaundmente to fulfill
I was full necligente ;
But purged it is with paines ylle
In Purgotorye, that sore can grill,
Yette thy grace I hope to come tille,
After my greate tormente.
And yett, Lorde, I muste dreed thee,
For my greate synnes, when I thee see,
For thou arte moste in magistie,
For mercye nowe I calle.
The paines that I have longe in be,
As harde as hell as hope as lee,
Againe to goe never suffer me,
For oughte that maye befalle.

IMPERATOR SALVATUS.

A ! Lorde and soveraigne Savyour,
That livinge put me to honoure,
And made me kinge and emperowre,
Heigheste of keith and kynn :
My fleshe that fallne was as the flower
Thou haste restored in this stowre,
And with paines of greate langoure
Cleansed me of my synne.
In Purgatorye my soule hath bene
A thousande yeaires in woe and teene ;
Nowe is no woe uppon me seene,
For purged I am of payne.
Though I to synne were beayne and bonne,
And coveted riches and renowne,
Yet at the laste contrision
Hath made me one of thyne.
As harde paines I dare well saye,
In Purgotarye nighte and daie,
As are in hell, save by on waie,
That onste shall have an ende.
Worshipped be thou, righte justice,
That me hase made in fleshe to rise,
Nowe wotte I well those that have bene wise
Shall come into thy welth.
Graunte me, Lorde, amonghte moe,
That purged am of synne and woe,
On thy righte hande that I maye goe
To that everlastinge health.

REX SALVATUS.

A ! lorde of lordes, and kinge of kinges,
And informer of all thinges,
Thy power, Lorde, spreades and springes,
As southlye ther is seene.

After balle boote thou bringes,
And after teene tyde tydinges,
To all that ever thy name mynes,
And boxsome to thee bene.
While I was lorde of lande and leade,
In purple and in riche weede,
Me thoughte to thee I hade no need,
So wronge the worlde me wiled ;
Though thou for me thy blood can sheed,
Yet in my harte more can I heede
My fleshe to further and to feede,
But the soule was ever begiled.
My fowle bodye through synne blente,
That rotten was and also rente,
Through thy mighte, Lorde omnipotente,
Raysed and wholle it is.
My sowle that is in ballens brente,
To my bodye thou haste nowe sente,
To take before thee judgmente
Of that I have donne amisse.
But, Lorde, although I were synfull aye,
Contricion yet at my laste daie,
And almes deedes that did aye,
Hath holpen me from hell.
But well I wotte that elke waie
That Abraham wente wende I maie,
For I am purged to thy paye,
To thee ever more to dwell.

REGINA SALVATA.

Pearles prince of moste postie,
That after longere lendeth lee,
That nowe in bodye hase raysed me,
From fier to reste and roe :
My fleshe that as flower can flye,

And power was through thy pittie,
Togeither hase broughte us nowe I see,
The sowle, the bodye too;
While I in eairth riche can goe,
In softe sandalles and silke also,
Velvette also that wrought me woe,
And all suche other weedes.
Nether prayed I ney faste,
Save almes deedes, yf anye paste,
And greate repentance at the laste
Hath gotten me to thy grace;
That saved I hope fullye to be,
For purged synnes that were in me,
Thy laste dome maie I not fleye,
To come before thy face.
All that mighte excite lecherye,
Pearles and precious perrye,
Againste thy byddinge used I,
And other wicked deedes.
After Purgotarye paines,
From me thy lordeshipes thou ne laynes,
To warne thy dome me ne gaynes,
Though I were never so greate;
Seith I have suffred woe and teene,
In Purgotorye longe to bene,
Let never my synne be on me seene,
But, Lorde, thou it forgette.

Tunc venient damnati.

PAPA DAMNATUS.

Alas! alas! alas! alas!
Nowe am I worse then ever I was,
My bodye the sowle againe hase,
That longe hase bene in hell;
Togeither the be, nowe is no grace,

Fyled to be beffore thy face,
And after my death heare in this place
In paine ever more to dwell.
Nowe bootles is to aske mercye,
For livinge higheste in eairth was I,
And cuninge chosen in cleargye,
And covetousnes did me care;
Also silver and symoneye
Made me pope unworthye,
That bornes me nowe full witterlye,
For of blesse I am full bare.
Also why spende I wronge my witte,
In covetousnes my harte to knitte?
Harde and hotte nowe feele I it,
Hell hooldes me righte heare;
My bodye burnes everye bitte,
Of sorowe muste I never be shutte,
Me to save from hell pitte
Nowe helpes no praier.
Of all the soules in Christiantie,
That dampned were while I had degree,
Nowe geve accompte behoveth me,
Through my lawes forlorne.
Also dampned muste I be,
Accompte befalles, or elles to fleye,
Make me deafe, I counger thee,
As I hade never bene borne.

IMPERATOR DAMPNATUS.

Alas! nowe storred I am in this stowre;
Alas! nowe fallne is my flower;
Alas! for synne nowe cease souccoure;
No silver maye me save.
Alas! that ever I was emperowre;
Alas! that ever I hade towne or tower;

Alas! hardlye I bye myne honouer,
Helle paines for it I have.
Alas! in worlde why was I ware?
Alas! that ever mother me bare!
Alas! theire is noe joye cheare,
Skape maie I not this chaunce.
Alas! doe evill who is that dare?
To threpe no more us ney dare,
For to paine we ordayned are,
Ever without deliverance.
Nowe is manslaughter upon me seene,
Nowe towe covetousnes makes my cares keene,
Nowe wronge worckinge withouten wene,
That I in worlde have wroughte.
Nowe traytores tornes doe me teene,
And false domes al bedene,
In glotanye I have bene in,
That shall nowe deare be boughte.
Nowe knowe I what I did with wronge,
And eke my lither livinge longe,
Falsehoode to hell makes me to fonge,
In fier ever fowle to fare.
My missbegotten moneye ever I mixen amonge,
Nowe is in yelled to helle yonge.
Why were I not deade as is the dounge?
For deale I drope and dare.

Rex damnatus.

Alas! unlikinge is my lotte;
My weale is gone, of woe I wotte,
My synne is seene I was in sette,
Of sorowe nowe maie I singe;
To hell paine, that is so hotte,
For my mysdeedes wende I motte,
Alas! that I hade bene sheepe or gotte,

When I was crowned kinge.
When I was in my magestie,
Soveraigne of shire and of cittie,
Never did I good in noe degree,
Through me was anye grace.
Of poore hade I never pittie,
Sore ney sicke woulde I never see,
Nowe have I longoure and the have lee,
Alas! alas! alas!
Wronge ever I wroughte to ech wighte,
For pynchinge poore in paine I pighte,
Religion I reaved againste the righte,
That keenlye nowe I knowe.
Lecherye I helde it lighte,
In covetousnes my harte was clighte,
One good deed in Godes sighte
Nowe have I not to shewe.

REGINA DAMNATA.

Alas! alas! nowe am I lorne!
Alas! with teene nowe am I torne!
Alas! that I was woman borne,
This bitter balle to abyde!
I made my mone even and morne,
For feare to come Jesu beforne,
That crowned ffor me was with thorne,
And thruste into the syde.
Alas! that I was woman wroughte!
Alas! why God made me of naughte,
And with his precious bloode me boughte,
To worcke againste his will?
Of lecherye I never wroughte,
But ever to that syne I soughte,
That of that synne in deed and thoughte
Yet hade I never my fill.

Fie on pearles! fie on pride!
Fye on gowne! fye on guyde!
Fye on hewe! fye on hyde!
Thes harrowe me to hell.
Againste this chaunce I maie not chide,
This bitter balle I muste abyde,
With woo and teene I suffer this tyde,
No livinge tonge maye tell.
I that so semlye was in sighte,
Wher is my bleye that was so brighte?
Wher is the barron, wher is the knighte,
For me to leadge the lawe?
Wher in worlde is anye wighte,
That for my fayernes nowe will feighte,
Or from this death I am to dighte
That dare me hense drawe.

JUSTICIARIUS DAMNATUS.

Alas! of sorowe nowe is my sawe!
Alas! for hell I stand in awe!
My fleshe as flowers that all to-flawe
Nowe tydes a fearlye fytte.
Alas! that ever I learned lawe,
For suffer I muste manye a harde thrawe,
For the devill me drawe
Righte even to his pitte.
Alas! while that I lived in lande,
Wronge to worke I would not wonde,
But false causes toke in hande,
And moche wooe did elles;
When I soughte silver or riches founde,
Of baron, burges, or of bande,
His matter to further ever I woulde founde,
Were it never so false.
Nowe is the devill readye, I see,

His matter to further againste me ;
For the judge is of such posté,
That me will not avayle.
Harte and thoughte bouth knoweth he,
Though I woulde lye no boote to be ;
Alas ! this harde fitte to fleye,
Rufullye I muste fayle.
All my life I was ever bonne,
To troble poore in tower and towne,
Payer holye churches possession,
And sharplye them to shende ;
To reve and robbe religion,
That was all my devocion ;
Therfore me tydes damnacion
And payne without ende.

MARCATOR DAMNATUS.

Alas ! alas ! nowe woes me,
My fowle bodye that rotten have be,
And soule togeither nowe I see,
All stinckes full of synne.
Alas ! marchandise make me,
A purchasinge after land and see,
In hell payne evermore to be,
And balle that never shall blyn.
Alas ! in worlde fervent was I,
To purchase landes falslye,
Poore men I did such anoye,
Made them ther landes to sell.
But when I dyed witterlye,
All that I hade my enemye,
Bouth bodye and soule dampned therby,
Ever to the paine of hell.
Yet mighte not false purchase suffice,
But ofte I dealed with marchandise,

For ther me thoughte wyninge woulde rise,
I used it manye a yeaire;
Ofte I sette upon false asise,
Rayvinge poore with layinge mise,
Falslye by God and by sante Hyse
A thousand tymes I swore.
Occure I used willfullye,
Wanne I never so moche theirby;
To holye churche never hyed I,
For me thought that was lorne.
Why made thou me, Lorde, of naughte, why?
To worcke in worlde so wrechedlye,
And nowe borne in the devilles bellye?
Alas! alas! that ever I was borne.

Finitis lamentacionibus mortuorum, descendet Jesus quasi in nube, si fieri poterit, quia secundum doctorum opiniones in aere prope terram judicabit filius Dei, stabunt angeli cum cruce, corona spinarum, lancea, et instrumentis aliis, omnia demonstrantes; dicat Jesus:

JESUS.

You, good and evill, that here be blente,
Here you bene comen to your judgmente,
Yf you wiste wher-to it woulde apente,
And in what mannere;
But all myne, as I have mente,
Prophettes, patrickes, here presente,
Muste knowe my dome with good intente,
Therfore I am nowe heare.
But you shall heare and se exspres,
I doe to you all rightiousnes,
Luxome deedes more and lesse
I will rehearse nowe heare.
Of eirth through me made man thou was,
And put in place of great cleanes,

From which thou was through wickednes,
[Awaye] thou wayved were?
When thou hade done this treaspas,
Yet wayted I which waye beste was,
Thee to recover in this cace,
To my companye.
Howe mighte I doe thee more grace,
Then that selfe kinde thou haste,
Take heare nowe is in this place,
As appeareth apeartlye?
After dyed on the roode tree,
And my blood shede, as thou maye see,
To prive the devill of his postie,
And wyn that was awaye.
The which blood behoulde ye,
Freshe houlden that I shall see,
For certayne poyntes that liketh me,
Of which I will nowe saye.
One cause was this certenlye,
That to my father almightie,
At my assencion offer mighte I
This blood, prayinge a bone,
That he of you should have mercye,
And more gracious be theirby,
When you hade synned horablye,
Not takinge vengence to sone.
Also I woulde, withouten were,
This blood should nowe be shewed here,
That the Jewes did in that manere
Mighte knowe appeartelye,
Howe unkindlye the them bare;
Behoulde on me and you maye lere,
Wheither I be God in full power,
Or eles man onlye.
Also my blood nowe shewed is,

That good therby maie have blesse,
That avoyded wickednes i-wisse,
And ever good worckes wroughte;
And evill also that did amisse,
Muste have greate sorowe in sight of this,
That loste that joye that was his,
That hym on rood tree boughte.
Yet for all this tormente
That suffred here while I was lente,
The more I spared in your intente,
I am not as I feele.
For my bodye is all to-rente
With outhes false alwaie fervente,
No lyme of me but it is rente,
From head righte to the heele;
Nowe that you shall appeartlye see,
Freshe blood blede for thee,
Good to joye and full greate lee,
Evill to damnacion,
Behoulde nowe all men on me
And se my blood freshe out flye,
That I blede on roode tree
For your salvacion.

Tunc emittet sanguinem de latere ejus, et dicit,

Howe durste you ever doe amisse,
When you unbethoughte you of this,
That I blede to bringe you to blesse,
And suffred moche woe?
Me you muste not whytte, i-wyse,
Though I doe nowe as righte is,
Therfore eichone recken his,
For rightiousnes moste goe.

PAPA SALVATUS.

O Lorde ! though I lived in synne,
In Purgatorye I have bene in,
Suffer my balle for to blyne,
And bringe me to this blesse.

IMPERATOR SALVATUS.

Yea, Lorde, and I theirin have be
More then three hundred yeares and three,
Nowe I am cleane, forsake not me,
Although I did amisse.

REX SALVATUS.

Lorde, receive me to thy grace,
That paine hath suffred in that place,
Although I fowle and wicked was,
Wayshen it is awaie.

REGINA SALVATA.

And I, Lorde, to thee crye and call,
Thy owine christen and thy thrall,
That of my synnes are purged all,
Of thy joye I thee praye.

JESUS.

Come heither to me, my darlinges deare,
That blessed in worlde allwayes were,
Take my realme all in feare,
That for you ordayned is ;
For while I was in eirth heare
You gave me meate in good manere,
Therfore in heaven blesse cleare
You shall ever lenge, i-wisse.
In greate thurste you gave me drinke,
When I was nacked also clothinge,

And when me neded harberinge,
You harbered me in coulde;
And other deedes, to my likinge,
You did on eirth ther livinge,
Therfore you shalbe quitte that thinge
In heaven an hundreth foulde.

PAPA SALVATUS.

Lorde, on this can I not myne,
Eirth when I was dwellinge in,
Thee in mischeiffe or anye unwyn,
To shewe suche a will.

IMPERATOR SALVATUS.

Noe, sickerlye, I coulde have no mynde,
That ever to thee I was so kinde,
For their I mighte thee never fynde
Such kindnes to fulfill.

JESUS.

Yes, for south, my frendes deare,
Such as poore and naked were,
You clade and feede them bouth in feare,
And harbered them also;
Suche as were also in great danger,
In harde prison one eirthe here,
You vissitted them in meeke manner,
All men in suche wooe.
Therfore, as I you ere toulde,
You shalbe quitte an hundred foulde,
In my blesse, be ye boulde,
Ever more you shalbe;
Ther nether hongare is nor could,
But all thinges as your selfes woulde,
Everlastinge joye to yonge and [olde],

That in eirthe pleased me;
Therfore, my angelles goe anon,
And twayne my chosen everye one
From them that hath bene my fonne,
And bringe them into blesse;
One my righte hande the shalbe sette,
For so full yore I them beheighte
When the did withouten lette
My byddinge not amisse.

PRIMUS ANGELLUS.

Lorde, we shall never blyne,
Tell we have broughte them blesse within,
Thoes soules that be withouten synne
Full sone as you shall see.

SECUNDUS ANGELLUS.

And I knowe them well and fyne,
Which bodyes lorde that bene thyne,
The shall have joye without pyne,
That never shall ended be.

Tunc angeli ibunt ac cantabunt euntes ac venientes, letamini in domino, salvator mundi, ac omnes salvati, omnes sequite; postea veniunt demones, quorum dicat Primus Demon.

PRIMUS DEMON.

A! rightious judge, and moste of mighte,
That their are sette to deme the righte,
Mercye thou was, nowe is gryghte,
To save thes men from paine;
Doe as thou haste yore beheighte,
Thoes that bene synfull in thy sighte,
To reccone ther deedes I am dighte,

To prove thes men for myne;
Judge this Pope myne in this place,
That worthy is for his treaspas,
And oughte to be thyne through grace,
Through synne comen myne.
[A] Christien man he was I wotte,
[Knewe] good from evill in eich case,
[But] my commaundmente done he has,
[And] ever forsacken thyn,
[Through] mercye he shoulde be thyn,
[But myne] through wickednes and synne,
Thyne through passion [that thou was in],
And myne through temptacion;
To me obediente he was aye,
And thy commaundmente putt awaie,
Thou rightious judge therfore I praie,
Deme hym to my prison.
This Emperower also that standeth by
I houlde hym myne full witterlye,
That helde hym ever in heresye,
And leeved not on thy lore;
Therfore I tell thee veramente,
Myne he is without judgmente,
Thou sayde when thou on eirth wente
That leeved not dampned were.
Qui non credit jam judicatus est.
This kinge and queene woulde never knowe
Poore men, them almes to shooe,
Therfore put them all from thoo
That stande before thy face:
And I shall leade them tell loe,
Wher fier shall burne though no man bloe;
I have them tyed upon a rooe,
The shall never passe that place.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Naye, I will pute with hym this,
That sitteth as highe justice,
And yf I see he be rightious,
Sone I shall asaie,
And other he shall for south, i-wisse,
For sake of hym wrytten is,
Or thes men that hath done amisse,
Deme them to us to daye ;
Thes wordes, God, thou saide exspres,
As Mathewe therof beare wittnes,
That righte as manes deedes was,
Helden he shoulde be ;
And leste thou forgette, good man,
I shall myne thee upon,
For speake Latine well I can,
And that thou shall sone see.

Filius hominis venturus est in [*gloria*]
patris sui cum angelis suis [*et*]
reddit unicuiquam secundum [*opus*]

Therfore, rightious yf thou [be,]
Thes men are myne [as mote I thee,]
For on good deed heare [before thee]
Have the not to showe.
[Yf there] be anye, saye on, lettes see ;
[Yf there] be non, deme them to me,
Or elles thou are false as we,
All men shalle well know.

PRIMUS DEMON.

Yea, this thou sayde veramente,
That when thou came to judgmente,
Thy angelles from thee should be sent,
To put the evill from thee good ;

And put them into greate tormente,
Ther is reminge, greminge, veramente,
Which wordes to clarkes here presente
I will rehearse nowe heare.

Sic erit in consummatione seculi, exibunt angeli et separabunt malos de medio justorum et mittent omnes in caminum ignis ubi erit fletus et stridor dentium.

Therfore deliver thes men heine,
And as broke I my pane,
I shall make them to gryne,
Rufullye to crye.
This popelarde Pope here presente,
With covetousnes was ever fullye bente,
This Emperower also veramente
To all synne did inclyne,
This queene while shee was livinge here
Spared never synne in no manere,
And all that mighte by Mahounde so deare
Excitte her lecherye;
Shee used manes harte to sture,
And therto fullye ordeyned her;
Therfore shee hath loste her lure,
Heaven blesse righte as did I.

JESUS.

[Loe], you men that wicked have bene,
[What] Sathan saith you heare and seene,
[Righteous] dome maye you not fleyne,
[For grace] is put awaye,
[When ty]me of grace was indeweringe,
[To seeke it] you hade no likinge,
[Therefore] muste I for anye [thinge,]
[Doe right]eousnes to daie.

[And] thou, my sweete mother deere,
And all the saintes that ever were,
Prayed for you righte nowe here,
All it were to late ;
No grace may goe through ther prayer,
Then righteousnes had no power,
Therefore goe to the fier in feare,
There gaines noe other grace.
When I was hongarye and thirsty bouth,
And naked was, you woulde not me cloth,
Also sicke and in greate woo,
You woulde not visite me,
Nor yet in prison to me come,
Nor of your meate to geve me some,
Nor me to your harbour nome,
Never yet in will were yee.

PAPA DAMNATUS.

When was thou naked or harberles,
Hongarye, thirsty, or in sickenes,
Eyther in anye prison was,
We sawe thee never a colde.

IMPERATOR DAMNATUS.

Had we thee hongarye or thirsty seene,
Naked, sicke, or in prison bene,
Harberles or in any teene,
Have harbered thee we woulde.

JESUS.

Ney, when you saw the least of myne,
That one earth suffered pyne,
With your riches you woulde not them ryne,
Ney fulfill my desyre.
And seyth you woulde nothinge inclyne,

For to helpe my pore lyne,
To me your love it was not fyne,
Therefore goe to the fier.

PRIMUS DEMON.

A ! sir judge, this goeth arighte,
By Mahounde moche of mighte,
You be myne eich wighte,
Ever to live in woo.
A dolefull death to you is dighte,
For such hyer I you beheighte,
When you served me day and nighte,
To be rewarded soe.
Goe we forth to hell in hye,
Without ende ther shall you lye,
For you have lost, righte as did I,
The blesse that lasteth ever ;
Judged you be to my belly,
There endles sorowe is and nye,
One thinge I tell you truely,
Delivered bene you never.

SECUNDUS DEMON.

Nay, master, forgett not these theeffes two,
For by Mahounde the shall not goe,
There deedes, lorde, amonge moe,
Soone I can them spye.
This Justice, lorde, was ever thy foe,
Falshood to further he was ever throo ;
Therefore deeme hym to sorrow and woo,
For he is full well worthy.
This Marchante also that standeth by here,
He is myne withouten were ;
As ofte tymes he hym forsweare,
As seedes be in my seacke :

And occoure also used hee,
That my powche is soe heavye,
I sweare by Mahounde soe free,
It well nigh breakes my necke.

Tunc Demones exportabunt omnes, et venient quatuor Evangeli.

MATHEAS.

I, Mathew, of this beare wittnes,
For in my Gospell I wrote expresse,
This that my lorde of his goodnes
Hath rehearsed here;
And by me all were warned before,
To save ther soules for evermore,
That now through lykeinge the bene lore
And damned to fyer in fere.

MARKE.

I, Marke, apeartely saye,
That warned the were by many waye,
There lyveinge howe the shoulde araye,
Heaven blisse to recover;
Soe that excuse them non maye,
That the bene worthy, in good faye,
To suffer the dome gyven to daye,
Damned to be for ever.

LUKE.

And I, Luke, one earth lyveinge,
My lordes workes in every thinge
I wrote and taught through my cunninge,
That all men knowe mighte;
And therefore I saye for soth, i-wyss,
Excusation non there is,

Against my talkeinge the did amysse,
This dome it goeth righte.

JOHANNES.

And I, John the Evangelist,
Beare wittnesse of thinges that I wyst,
Which the mighte full well have trust,
And not have donne amysse;
And all that ever my lorde sayde here,
I wrote it in my manere;
Therefore excuse you, withouten were,
I maye not well, i-wysse.

Finis, Deo gracias!

Come, Lorde Jesus, come quickely.

To hym this booke belonges,
I wishe contynuall health,
In daily vertues for to flow,
With floudes of godly wealth. } Praye ever.

NOTES.

Page 1, CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.—There is a separate play on this subject in the Coventry Mysteries, but much shorter. The Chester Play includes what in some collections makes two or three plays. It follows very closely the earlier part of the French Mystery of the Passion nostre Seigneur, published by M. Jubinal, which includes the fourteenth to the eighteenth of the Chester collection, all which bear a much nearer resemblance to the French mystery than those in the other English collections. They follow the text of the Gospel very closely, and contain but little legendary matter.

Page 1, line 8, *lende*—to dwell, remain.

Page 2, line 2, *messille*—a leprous person; line 17, the word *had* is introduced from Harl. 2124; line 21, MS. A. reads *Lord and lere.*

Page 3, last line, *be*—an evident mistake of the scribe for *were*, as is shown by the rhyme.

Page 6, line 23, *gryche*—grudge; other MSS. have *grytche.*

Page 8, line 24, *procession.*—The Additional and one of the Harl. MSS. read *proffession.*

Page 9, line 24, *bale*—evil; line 25, *drighte*—suffer.

Page 10, line 2, *dilfullye*—dolefully; line 18, *frecke*—fellow; line 20, *yare*—yore, long ago.

Page 11, line 11, *shende*—destroy, overthrow.

Page 12.—The reason here given for which Judas took offence against his lord is introduced in all the sets of religious mysteries I have compared. See the Coventry Mysteries, p. 265; Towneley Mysteries, p. 178; Jubinal, Mystères Inédits, p. 147.

Page 13, line 29, *founded to doe him nye*—attempted to do him injury.

Page 14, line 10, *lurden*—clown; line 27, *in a were*—in a doubt.

Page 15, line 21, *slye*—prudent.

Page 17, line 14. The two Harleian MSS. have *eschew* for *escape*,

which rhymes with the following additional clause; lines 15-18.—These lines are given from MS. Harl. 2124.

Page 18, CHRIST BETRAYED.—This includes the 27th and 28th plays of the Coventry collection. In the Towneley collection it forms a tolerably long mystery, under the title *Conspiratio et capcio*.

Page 22, last line, *thole*—suffer, bear.

Page 23, line 7, *rede*—guessed, discovered, made out by reasoning.

Page 24, line 11.—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *and you are cleane;* line 12, *of wayle...the walle*—the fountain of weal.

Page 25, line 8, *with outflechinge*—an error of the press for *without flechinge*, without changing.

Page 26, line 5, *woninges*—dwellings; line 13, *gate*—way, manner.

Page 28, line 2, *wheathen.*—MS. Harl. 2013 reads *whethen;* MS. Harl. 2124 *we heathen;* line 15, *posté*—power.

Page 30, line 22, *heithen*—hence.

Page 32, line 6, *space.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *pace*, apparently the better reading.

Page 33, THE PASSION.—This is more properly entitled the Trial, and includes the thirtieth mystery and part of the thirty-second of the Coventry collection. It includes two of the Towneley plays, which are entitled *Coliphizatio* and *Flagellacio*, because in the two Towneley Mysteries the tormentors are the most prominent personages, and must have amused the spectators by their coarse language and jokes while occupied in beating and insulting the Saviour. The passages in this play, not found in the Arundel MS., are taken from the two Harleian MSS.

Line 10, *postie power*—two words having the same meaning, a repetition which perhaps originated in the mistake of a scribe; line 13, *a maisterye that it were*—MS. Harl. No. 2124 reads, *a maister if he were*.

Page 34, line 10, *babelavante*—a chatterer. MS. Harl. 2124 reads *babliant that or; or* is of course for *our*.

Page 35, line 8, *this same lewde.*—The Arundel MS. reads *fame laude;* line 23, (bottom of page) *stowpe.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *carpe*.

Page 39, line 9, *throe*—willing, eager; line 18, *misserye*—the MS. Harl. 2124 reads *miss araye*.

Page 41, line 11, *dompe*—dumb.

Page 42, line 9, *guyfte.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *gifte*, the other Harleian MS. *gnyse;* line 20, *cryne*—cry.

Page 47, line 7, *grane.*—MS. Harl. 2013 reads *grave*, which is perhaps correct; line 14, *ye lythinge.*—MS. Harl. 2013 reads *in lythinge;* MS. Harl. 2124, *of heathing*.

Page 48, line 7, *with irone on hym hewes.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *with spould on him speces;* line 14, *good spice*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *good ostern and newe.*

Page 49, last line from bottom, *The damsel*, &c.—In MS. Harl. 2124 this and the following page is omitted, and the next play (The Crucifixion) goes on as a continuation of The Passion.

Page 50, last line, *storye.*—MS. Harl. 2013 reads *pagent.*

Page 51, The Crucifixion.—This subject is the thirty-second of the Coventry collection, and the twenty-third of the Towneley Mysteries. In the latter collection, the distribution of Christ's apparel and the casting lots for his coat is the subject of a separate piece, entitled *Processus Talentorum.*

Page 51, line 1, *segger.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *sager;* and in line 3, the same MS. reads *flyte, flatter, or flicker;* line 17, *Symon of Surrye.*—This is taken, of course, from Matthew, xxvii., 32. Exeuntes autem invenerunt hominem *Cyrenæum*, nomine Simonem; hunc angariaverunt ut tolleret crucem ejus. A little further on in the Mystery he speaks as though he were a Roman.

Page 53, line 11, *flecke*—flesh; line 15, *swene*—noise; line 17, *reme.*—The two Harleian MSS. have *wepe;* line 21, *niche*—nigh; line 22, *tyte*—quickly.

Page 54, line 13 and 17, *by this daye.*—Ms. Harl. 2124 reads in both instances *be my fay.*

Page 55, line 14, *egallye.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *equitie.*

Page 56, line 13, *hethen wyn*—go hence; line 16, *are dublettes.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *a rowndfull.*

Page 57, line 12, *Pewdreas.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *Poydrace;* line 19, *pon.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *bones.*

Page 61, line 10.—The lamentation of Mary is a common subject of English verse in manuscripts of various dates. One or two short examples will be found in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ. The two following, which have not been previously printed, will serve to give a notion of the manner in which this popular subject was treated.

A LAMENTACION OF THE VIRGIN.

(MS. Bibl. Publ. Cant. Ff. ii., 38, fol. 47.)

Lystenyth, lordynges, to my tale,
And ye schall here of oon story
Ys bettur than owthyr wyne or ale
That ever was made in thys cuntré;

How Yewys demyd my sone to dye,
Eche oon a dethe to hym they dreste.
Allas! seyde Mary that ys so fre,
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

O Judas! how durst thou be so bolde
To betray my sone to any Yewe?
For xxx^{ti} d. thou him solde,
Full wele thou wyste hyt was not dewe.
Sore of that bargen may thou rewe;
Therfore thy soule to helle ys dreste.
Wo worthe the tyme that y the knewe!
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

Therfore thy sorowe schal nevyr slake,
Traytur, for thy false traying;
Thou made the Yewys my sone take,
Caytyf cursyd, with thy kyssyng;
Therfore schalt thou in hell hynge;
The fendys in fyre thy flesch schall feste.
Evyr wo worthe thyn up spryngyng!
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

Amonge fendys that ben felle
Thy body and bonys schall be brente;
Thy dwellyng therfore schall be in helle,
Wyth Lucyfere thy lyfe ys lente.

Thou made my sone on rode to be rente,
There rewthe hyt was to see hym reste.
Thus, traytur, thorow thy false assente,
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

O Yewys, evyr worthe yow schame!
Of my rycches ye have me robbydd;
Ye thoght ye had a full gode game,
When ye my sone with buffettes bobbydd.
Yf he felte sore, nothyng he sobbydd,
For all yowre werkys full well he wyste.
My yoye, myn herte, ye all to-robbydd;
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

Unto a pyller wondur sore
Ye bonde hym there to abyde;
For he levyd not on yowre lore,
Ye bete hym bothe back and syde.
Unto Pylat prest ye cryedd,
That on a cros he schulde be feste.
Thus, trayturs, thorow yowre false pryde,
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

O wryghte, how durste thou make the tree?
Wele away! why dydd thou soo?
Ther-on my sone naylyd to bee,
And for to suffur all thys woo?

Allas! why was thou hys foo?
He grevyd the nevyr that y wyste.
Now sonys gete y nevyr moo;
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

With balefull buskeys ye hym bete,
And rente hys flesche fro the bon,
Tyl hys blode stode at hys fete;
Wythin hys body lefte ye none.
Full stylle he stode as any stone,
And let yow bete hym as a beste.
Morne y may and make grete mone;
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

O Yewys, wyth spere how durste ye do that spyte,
To thyrle my sonys herte as a knyfe:
Moche of my woo y may yow wyte,
Out of hys breste ye bare the lyfe.
Thus to dethe ye can hym dryfe,
To spoyle that prynce ye were full preste.
Dere sone, thou myȝt have stynt ther stryfe,
The chylde ys dedd that soke my breste.

The sonne hyt sett all at the none,
The erthe hyt made a delefull dynne;
Therby myȝt ye knowe wrong had ye done,
Ye had slayn that lorde that schall all wynne.

The see to rore then can begynne;
The clowdys ovyrcaste, all lyȝt was loste;
Hys myȝt was more then ye myȝt mynne:
He rose ageyne that soke my breste.

With armyd knyȝtys ye can hym kepe,
And wende to have holden hym in yowre holde;
But whan he lyste they were on slepe,
For to wakyn they were unbolde;
The ston owyr hym he can upfolde,
And trade upon the prowdest preste,
And wente hys wey wherso he wolde;
The chylde ys resyn that soke my breste.

Then to helle he toke the way,
Wyth woundys wyde and all blody,
The foule fendys to affray,
Wyth hym he bare the cros of tree.
Helle ȝatys felle opyn to that free,
When my sone with hande them bleste:
The fendys roryd when they hym see;
The chylde ys resyn that soke my breste.

Adam and Eve wyth hym he toke,
Kyng Davyd, Moyses, and Salamon,
And harrowed Helle every noke,
Wythin hyt lefte he soules none,

But fendys in hyt to dwelle alone;
Lucyfere there bonde he preste,
Therin to byde as stylle as ston;
The chylde ys resyn that soke my breste.

Thus scomfyt he the fendys fele,
And toke hys pray that he had boghte;
And put them into endeles wele,
There yoye and blys faylys noghte.
Now pray we to hym with hert and thoȝt,
That prynce that soke oure Lady breste,
Out of thys worlde when we ar broȝt,
With hym and hur in hevyn to reste.

Amen.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

(MS. Cantab., Ff. ii., 38, fol. 47.)

Off alle wemen that ever were borne,
That bere chylder abyde and see,
How my sone lyeth me beforne,
Upon my skyrte, taken fro the tree.
Youre chylder ye daunce upon yowre kne,
With laghyng, kyssyng, and mery chere;
Beholde my chylde, beholde wele me;
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

O woman, woman! wele ys the,
Thy chyldys cappe thow castyst upon;
Thou pykyst hys heere, beholdyst hys ble,
Thou wottyst not wele when thow hast don.
But evyr allas y make my mon,
To see my sonys hedd as hyt ys here;
Y pyke owt thornys by oon and oon,
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

O woman, a chaplet chosyn thow has,
Thy chylde to were hyt dothe the lykyng;
Thou pynnyst hyt on, grete yoye thou mas;
And y sytt with my sone sore wepyng.
Hys chaplet ys thornys sore prykkyng,
Hys mouth y kysse with a carefulle chere;
Y sytt wepyng, and thou syngyng;
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

O wemen, lokyth to me ageyne,
That playe and kysse yowre chyldyr pappys;
To see my sone y have grete peyne,
In hys breste so grete a gappe ys,
And on hys body so many swappys;
With blody lyppys y kysse hym here.
Allas! fulle harde me thynkythe my happys,
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

O woman, thou takyst thy chylde be the hande,
And seyste, Dere sone, gyf me a stroke:
My sonys handys ar so bledande,
To loke on them me lyste not to laghe.
Hys handys he suffurd for thy sake
Thus to be bored with nayles sere:
When thou makest myrthe, grete sorowe y make,
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

Beholde, wemen, when that ye play,
And have yowre chylder on kne dawnsyng,
Ye fele ther fete, so fete ar thay,
And to yowre syght fulle wele lykyng;
But the moste fynger of myn hande
Thorow my sonys fete y may put here,
And pulle hyt owt sore bledande;
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

Therfore, wemen, by towne and strete,
Yowre chyldyr hondys when ye beholde,
Ther breste, ther body, and ther fete,
Gode were on my sone to thynke and ye wolde;
How care hath made my herte colde,
To see my sone wyth nayle and spere,
With scourge and thornys many a folde,
Woundyd and dedd my dere sone dere.

Thou hast thy sone fulle hole and sounde,
And my chylde ys dedd upon my kne;
Thy chylde ys lowse, and myn ys bounde;
Thy chylde ys on lyve, and myn dedd ys he.
Why was thys oght but for the?
For my chylde trespaste never here.
Methynke ye were wele holden to wepe with me,
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

Wepe with me, bothe man and wyfe,
My chylde ys yourys and loveth yow wele.
Yf youre chylde had loste hys lyfe,
Ye wolde wepe at every mele;

But for my sone wepe ye never a dele.
Yf ye love yowrys, myn hathe no pere;
He sendyth yowrys bothe hap and hele,
And for yow dyed my dere sone dere.

Now alle ye wemen that have your wytt,
And see my chylde on my kne dedd,
Wepe not for yowrys, but wepe for hyt,
And ye schalle have fulle mekylle mede.
He wolde ageyn for your love blede,
Rather or that ye dampned were;
Y pray yow alle to me take hede,
For now lyeth dedd my dere sone dere.

Farewelle wemen, y may no more
For drede of dethe reherse hys peyne;
Ye may lagh when ye lyste, and y wepe sore;
That may ye see, and ye loke to me ageyn.
To love my sone and ye be fayne,
Y wylle love yowrys with hert entere,
And ye schalle bryng yowre chylder and you certeyn
To the blys where ys my dere sone dere.

AMEN.

Page 61, line 15, *knee.*—The Arundel and one of the Harleian MSS. reads *breste.*

Page 65, line 20.—The speeches of the Centurion and Cayphas are given thus in MS. Harl. 2124:—

CENT.

Lordinges, I say you sickerly,
That we have wrought wilfully;
For I know by the prophesy
That Gods sonne is he.
Therfore, sirs, very ferd am I,
To hear this noyce and this crye;
I am ashamed verely
This uncooth sight to see.

CA.

Centurio, as God me speed,
Peace, and speak not of that deed,
For of him thou geets no meede,
What needes the so to say?
But, Longeus, take this spear in hand,
To pearce his hart look thou ne wond.

The story of "Longeus," the blind knight, who pierced the side of the Saviour with his spear, and recovered his sight by the water that trickled from the wound on his eye, appears frequently in the popular medieval religious literature under various shapes.

Page 66, line 18, *to warne.*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *to wonne;* line 23. —The same manuscript has a number of variations in the speech of Longyus which follows, but of a kind that it is hardly necessary to repeat.

Page 67, line 22.—Joseph's speech is given as follows in MS. Harl. 2124:—

JOSEPH AB ARAMATHEA.

O! Lord God, what harts have ye,
To slay this man that I now se,
Vengeanc uppon you witterly
I warrand sone shall fall.
Alas! how should I be mery,
To se his body fayr and fre
All to-torne upon a tree
That was so principall.

Nichodemus, sir, both you and I
Have cause to worship him witterly,
And his body glorifye,
For Gods sonne he is.
Therfor goe we by and bye,
And worship him devoutly;
For we may therwith, perdy,
Win us heaven blisse.

Page 68, line 5, *goe horne-wood*—go horn mad. MS. Harl. 2124 reads *goe wood.* The term *horn-mad* (i.e., raving mad, perhaps originally, mad with jealousy) belongs to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it is probable that the word *horne* in the Chester Play is an addition of the copyist of the MS.; line 7.—This speech of Joseph (like so many other additions to the Arundel text in this piece) is taken from MS. Harl. 2124.

Page 69, line 2. *For I stoode thereby.*—MS. Harl. 2124 has, in place of this line, *Not never a whole vayne.* The numerous variations of this kind would induce us to believe that the persons who made the various copies from the original MS. of the Chester Plays took great liberties with the text; line 5, *sigaldry*—enchantment, magical conjuration. In the French mystery of *La Passion de Notre Seigneur*, published by M. Jubinal, the scene between Joseph and Pilate is much longer, and the former has much difficulty in obtaining the body of the Saviour.

Page 70, line 6, *eyled*—yielded?

Page 71, THE HARROWING OF HELL.—This legend, so very popular in the middle ages, was taken, as the prefatory directions here state, from the apocryphal gospel of Nichodemus. It enters into the French mystery of the Resurrection, published in the *Mystères inédits du Quinzième Siècle*, by M. Jubinal. It forms a separate play in the Towneley series (under the

title of *Extractio animarum ab Inferno*) and in the Coventry Mysteries, though in the latter it is very brief. There is an early poem, in dialogue, on this subject, preserved in MS. Harl. 2253, in the British Museum, and in MS. Digby 86 in the Bodleian Library, which has been more than once printed under the erroneous title of a mystery or miracle-play, for it bears no marks of having been intended for acting.

Page 71, line 15, *thesternes*—darkness.

Page 73, line 1, *lesse*—stop, cessation; line 14, *mirrette*—merit; line 16, *woninge*—dwelling; line 24, *were*—doubt.

Page 73, line 28, *oyle of his mercye*.—The popular legend here alluded to is thus introduced into the French *Mystère de la Nativité*, published by M. Jubinal, Mystères inédits, vol. ii., p. 17.

CEP, filz Adam.

Mon cher père, sanz point destrie
Iray tantost voz plaisir faire,
Pas ne doy aler au contraire,
Mez aiez en Dieu bonne espérance,
Bonne foy et bonne fiance
Que certes Dieu vous confortera,
En touz vos maulz vous aidera.
De vostre esnuy certainement
Suis courrouciez moult malement;
Ne say qu'en doie devenir.
Je m'en vois pour tost revenir.

Ce s'en va à Dieu en Paradis, et die:

Gloriex Diex puissant et fin,
Sanz commancement et sans fin,
Roy sur touz rois, vrais droiturier,
A mains jointes je te requier
Par ta douleur et amistié
Que de mon père aiez pitié,
Car il est au lit de la mort.
Quant au monde est délivre mort
Pour le mors qui fist en la pomme,
Or vous requier trez-humblement,
Donnez-ly l'enoliement
De *l'uille de miséricorde*,
Par quoy il ait pais et accorde
Que aus vostres avez promis.

DIEU.

Raphaël entens çà, doulz amiz;
Veez cy Cep, qui est filz Adam,
Par qui je souffrère dur aham,
Qui me requiert piteusement
Pour son père enouliement
De l'uile de miséricorde
Dont puisse avoir pais et concorde.
A Cep l'enfant tu t'en yras
Et de par moy tu li diras
Quant son père sera feniz
Et il sera en terre mis,
Que tantost de planter s'avence
Dessus sa fosse ceste branche.
Ce rain tant moutepliera
Que une crois faicte en sera
Où la vie recovreva mort
Qui aus ames donra confort:
Or ly va dire.

RAPHAEL.

Il est bien raison, trez-doulz sire,
Que je soie prest d'obeir,
De faire tout vostre plaisir.

Cy voise Raphael à Cep et ly baille la branche, et die:—

Cep, beaus amis, entens à moy:
Dieu le père m'envoie à toy,

Et par moy t'envoie ce rain
Qui est du pommier, pour certain,
Dont ton père menga la pomme.
Va-t-an de cy, congié te donne,
Et quant ton pere sera mors,
Dedans sa fosse, suz son corps,
Le planteras, Dieu le commande.
A present plus ne li demende,
Car de luy *plus n'enporteras.*

Further illustration of this legend will be found in the notes to vol. i. of the present work, p. 241.

Page 74, line 4, *remingе* — noise, outcry; line 5, *that graunte*— MS. Harl. 2124 reads, instead of this, *availede me nothinge;* line 21, *fearlye freacke*—wonderful fellow; line 22, *you have mon*—you may have.

Page 75, line 4, *bolster.* —MS. Harl. 2124 reads *boyster;* line 8, *balle—bale*, mischief.

Page 76, line 21, *pyne* — punishment, pain; line 24, *popilarde* — deceiver.

Page 78.—The first speech of David is omitted in the MS. Harl. 2124; line 76, *staye!*—The same MS. reads *say.*

Page 79, line 12, *lee*—joy; line 24, *meanye* — company, household retinue; line 27, *Enocke and Ely.*—These two personages, who come to meet the souls rescued from Satan, were supposed, according to the legend, to inhabit Paradise alone until the descent of the Saviour here described, whilst the souls of all other men awaited Christ's coming in hell. In painting and tapestries, when Paradise was represented, it was known chiefly by the presence of these two, Enoch and Helias; in the early English poem on the land of Cockayne, the poet jeers at the solitude of Paradise, and the dull and sorrowful life its two inmates must lead—

Beth ther no men bot two,
Hely and Enok also:
Elinglich mai hi go,
Whar ther wonith men no mo.

As they had gone to Paradise without suffering death, they were destined to return to the world at the coming of Antichrist, and suffer martyrdom in opposing him. Of this we shall see more further on. The Anglo-Saxon dialogue of Adrian and Ritheus contains the following question and answer—"Tell me, who are the two men in Paradise who are constantly weeping, and are sad?" "I tell thee, Enoc and Helias; they weep, because they shall come on this earth and suffer death."

Page 80, line 22.—The Arundel MS. reads, *That lives with you in this manere.* The thief was supposed, from the literal interpretation of

Christ's own words on the cross, to have gone direct to Paradise on his death.

Page 81, line 17.—In the Harl. MS. 2124 the play concludes here with stage-directions. The introduction of the tavern woman was a satirical hit at the manners of the time, and may belong or not to the original text. In this as well as the other collections of similar compositions, it is the play of Doomsday, or Judgment, which is made the chief receptacle of satire and declamation against contemporary manners. These, in the Towneley Mysteries especially, are extremely curious. We might bring together an endless collection of proofs of the evil dealings of the taverners of both sexes in the middle ages, which justified the prominent manner in which the *Mulier* is here brought upon the stage.

Page 82, line 5, *hoopes*—hops. This is a very curious allusion, and proves that this line at least, if not the whole speech, was composed about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the use of hops in brewing is said to have been first introduced into this country. The first introduction of hops into England is fixed about the year 1524. In Baker's Chronicle (Henry VIII., ed. 1696, p. 298) we are told, "About his fifteenth year, it happened that divers things were newly brought into England, whereupon this rhyme was made—

Turkeys, carps, *hops*, piccadel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

An early proclamation against hops has been often quoted.

Page 84.—The Resurrection. This play is founded almost entirely upon the New Testament, and contains little or no legendary matter. The speeches of the soldiers, &c., are among the ordinary embellishments of these compositions, and in general are much more coarse and droll in the French mysteries than in the English ones. M. Jubinal has published a fragment of a French Mystery of the Resurrection of the thirteenth century. A Latin mystery of the twelfth century on the same subject is printed in my *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems*. In the French Mysteries of the fifteenth century, published by M. Jubinal, the Play of the Resurrection comprises all the incidents which followed the Crucifixion, including the descent into hell. In the Towneley Mysteries, the play of the Resurrection opens with Pilate's speech, somewhat in the same manner as in the Chester play; in the Coventry Mysteries, it begins with the part of Cayphas. This subject was played on certain occasions, at some places, separate from the rest: in the notes to Halliwell's Coventry Mysteries, p. 417, is a curious anecdote relating to the

performance of the Mystery of the Resurrection, at Wytney. A separate Mystery of the Resurrection is printed in the Reliquiæ Antiquæ, vol. ii., p. 144, from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, of the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Mystery of the Resurrection in the Chester collection contains the Resurrection, the Three Maries, and Christ appearing to Mary, of the Coventry collection. The French lines, with which the Chester play opens, have been incorrectly copied, and are not very intelligible. There are a few variations, but of little assistance, in the other MSS. In MS. Harl. 2124 they stand thus:—

Per vous, Sir Cayphas,
Et vous avous, Sir Annas,
Et sum disciple Judas,
Gule treison finte.
Et grande luces de lucite,
Amoy perfeyt delivere,
Nostre Dame fuit judge,
Per loys roy estreit.

Page 84, line 10, *kennes*.—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *kempes*, (warriors) probably more correctly, but the line is evidently corrupt.

Page 85, line 9, *agased*.—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *agrise*, i.e., terrified; line 16, *leate*—lightning; line 29, *betyme*—MS. Harl. 2124, *belyve*.

Page 87, line 2, *bonne*—prepared, ready; line 7, *wrocken*—revenged; line 13, *drawes*—drawn. MS. Harl. 2121 reads *drawe;* line 20, *tache*—task, attempt; line 23, *charre*—chance, hap.

Page 92, line 4.—The Arundel MS. reads, *That he woulde rise againe*.

Page 94, line 4, *losinger*—wretch; *the roge*—thy back.

Page 95, line 13, *luxom lore*—lovesome countenance; line 17, *i-clongen*—shrunk; line 29, *boyste*—box.

Page 98, line 15, *shouldarye*—a winding-sheet.

Page 100, line 9, *cloughte*— . The Harleian MSS. contain a supplementary portion, following immediately after Mary Magdalen's speech, which is not found in the Arundel MS., from which the present text is printed. This supplementary portion is here given from MS. Harl. 2013.

Then cometh Jesus with a robe about hym, and a crosse staffe in his hande, and Mary Magdalena appeared unto hym in the dawninge of the day, and Jesus shall say to her:

JESUS.

Why reamest thou, woman? tell me, why?
And whom thou seekest soe tenderly?

MARIA MAGDELENA.

My Lorde, sir, was buryed hereby,
And now he is awaye.
If thou have donne hym this any,
Tell me, leeffe sir, hastely
Anon this ylke day.

JESUS.

Woman, is not thy name Mary?

MARIA MAGDELENA.

Ah, Lorde, I aske mercye.

JESUS.

Marye, touche not my bodye;
For yet I have not bene
At my father allmighty.
But to my bretheren goe thou in hye,
And of this thinge thou certiffy,
That thou hast sothly seene.
Saye them all that I will gone
To my father that I came from,
And there father he is alsoe.
Hye, loke that thou ney dwell.

MARIA MAGDELENA.

A! blessed be thou ever and aye!
Now wayned is all my woo.
This is joye to them and other moe;
Anon I will goe tell.

Here Marye Magdelen goeth to Mary Jacobi and to Mary Salome, sayinge:

MARIA MAGDELENA.

A! women, wayle now wonnen is;
My Lorde Jesu is risen i-wys;
With hym I spake a litill or this,
And see hym with myne eyes.
My bale is torned into bles;
Meyrth in mynde there maye non myss;
For he bade warne that was his,
To heaven that he woulde stea.

MARYE JACOBI.

A! sister, goe we seeke and see,
Whether these wordes soth bee.
No meirth were halfe soe moche to me,
To see hym in this place.

MARYE SALOME.

A! sister, I beseech thee,
With full will wynde we
For feayne me thinkes me list to flee,
To see his freely face.

Then shall the women goe, and Jesus shall meete them, sayinge:

JESUS.

All hayle, women, all hayle!

Then Marye Jacoby makeinge curtesye, sayth:

MARYE JACOBI.

A! Lorde, we leeven, without faile,
That thou arte risen us to wayle,
And arayne us from woo.

MARYE SALOME.

A! welcome be thou, my Lorde sweete,
Let us kisse thy sweete feete,
And handle thy woundes that bene soe weete,
Or that we hense goe.

JESUS.

Bees not afrayde, women, of me,
But to my brethren now wende yee,
And bidd them goe to Gallely,
There meete with me the mone.

MARIA JACOBY.

Anon, Lorde, donne it shalbe.
Well is them this sighte to see;
For bought be mankynde, Lorde, by thee,
Through thy greate passion.

Then they shall goe to Peter, and Mary Salome saith:

MARYE SALOME.

Peter, tydinges good and new!
We have seene my Lorde Jesu,
One live, cleane in hyde and hew,
And handled hath his feete.

PETER.

Yea, well is you that have bene true;

For I forsoke that I hym knewe,
Therefore shame makes me eshew
With my lorde for to meete.
But yet I hope to see his face,
Though I have done so greate tress-
passe;
My sorrow of harte know he hase,
And to it will take heede.
Theire as he buryed was,
I will hye me to runne apace,
And of my sweete Lorde aske grace
For my fowle misdeede.
Here Jesus cometh in with a crosse staffe in his hand.

JESUS.

Peter! knowes thou not me?

PETER.

A! Lorde, mercy I aske thee,
With full harte, kneelinge one my
kneey,
Forgeve me my tresspasse.
My faynte fleshe, my fraylty,
Made me, lorde, false to bee;
But forgyvenes with harte free
Thou grante me through thy grace.

JESUS.

Peter, soe I thee beheighte,
Thou shoulde forsake me that
nighte;
But of this deed thou have in sighte,
When thou hast soveraigntye,
Thinke one thyne owne deed to day,
That fleshe is frayle and fallinge
aye,
And merciable thou be allwaye,
As now I ame to thee.
Therefore I suffered thee to fall,
That to thy subjectes hereafter all,
That to thee shall crye and call,
Thou maye have meaninge.
Sythen thy selfe soe fallen hast,
The more inclyne to grante grace.
Goe forth, forgyven is thy tress-
passe,
And have here my blessinge.

Finis.

Page 101, THE PILGRIMS OF EMAUS.—This subject also forms a separate play in the Towneley and Coventry Mysteries. A brief Latin mystery on the same subject will be found in my *Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems*. It is a mere dramatic paraphrase of the text of the New Testament.

Page 104, line 15, *greve*—a bush.

Page 105, line 16, *lore*—countenance, for *lere*.

Page 106, line 18, *loxom lore*—lovesome countenance.

Page 108, line 1, *lenge*—remain, linger.

Page 109, line 15, *not gayne an oure*—i.e., hardly an hour. The writer of this seems to have had in his mind the space of time it took to perform the mysteries, rather than the chronology of the gospel.

Page 113, THE ASCENSION.—This is the subject of a separate play in the Towneley and Coventry Mysteries. In the former it is incomplete, a portion of the MS. having been lost at the end.

Page 114, line 10, *And be we stedfaste aye.*—This reading is taken from MS. Harl. 2124. The MS. Add. reads, *And he be wisted faste*

aye; line 11, *were*—doubt; line 17, *faye*—faith; line 18, *flyttinge*—wavering.

Page 115, line 17, *consayle*—conceal; line 18, *wayle*—weal, prosperity.

Page 116, line 12, *the shall shoo*—they shall show; line 13, *the tyde*—*they tide*, they happen; line 17, *edders*—adders, serpents. MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *And other misteries moe*; line 25, *stee*—mount up.

Page 117.—The stage-directions relating to the performance of the Saviour's ascension shows that there must have been some complication of machinery, and is an interesting illustration of the mechanical part of these dramatic representations.

Page 118, line 8, *for-byer*—redeemer.

Page 119, line 13, *Howe worthelye the for-gone*—how deservedly they forego, or lose; line 24, *steed*—mounted up, ascended; line 28, *mayne*—might.

Page 120, line 3, *Manye seithen so heighte he*—Many times he promised so; line 10, *lenge*—remain, continue; line 19, *upsteainge*—rising up, ascension; line 21, *levinge*—belief.

Page 122, The Emission of the Holy Ghost.—This subject makes the fortieth of the Coventry Mysteries, so brief in that collection that it makes only a scanty page and a half. In the Towneley Mysteries it appears to be lost in a lacune in the MS., which has deprived us of all that part which intervened between the end of the play of the Ascension and the beginning of that of Doomsday.

Page 122, line 2, *wan*—one; line 7, *leeve we in this wonne*—remain we in this dwelling-place; line 9, *lenge*—continue; line 15, *lere*—teach.

Page 123, line 9, *hier*—hire; line 11, *borsen*—burst; line 12, *bout*—without; line 13, *mase*—makes.

Page 125, line 3, *riche*—enrich; line 5, *veramente*—truly; line 8, *lende*—remain, continue. The next eight lines are obscure, and probably badly copied from the original MS.; line 16, *His heiste from an highe*—his command from on high.

Page 126, line 14, *pighte*—placed; line 21, *bedene*—forthwith, immediately.

Page 127, line 15, *stoare*—time, moment; line 20, *leache of langor*—physician or curer of languor or grief. The reading of the MS. (Addit.) is *lengthe or langor;* the reading substituted in our text is taken from one of the Harleian MSS.

Page 128, line 1, *lighte*—enlighten; *wayle*—weal; line 2, *lele*—loyal; line 3, *lixom*—relieve, ease; line 13, *ever and oo*—a common phrase for *ever and ever*.

Page 129, line 6, *seven geistes*—seven guests(?); line 13, *patrickes*—patriarchs; line 19, *lorne*—lost, ruined; line 28, *bale*—evil, misfortune. It behoves to buy him off from his ruin.

Page 130, line 14, *fleittinge*—wavering; line 16, *stiffe*—stout, firm.

Page 132, line 17, *fone*—fool, simpleton.

Page 133, line 3, *mynge*—to mind (?); line 14, *slighte*—sly, cunning, knowing (in a good sense); line 17, *steegh*—ascended; line 21, *feare*—company.

Page 134, line 13, *more I be lente*—this passage is perhaps corrupt; MS. Harl. 2124 reads *wher I am lente*; line 15, *kente*—taught.

Page 135, line 12, *steyed*—ascended.

Page 137, line 17, *the jangle*—they jangle; line 19, *Pamphani*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *Pamphily*, and in the next line *Lybby*, for *Billi*, doubtless correctly. This latter is a good example of the great inaccuracy of George Bellin in copying the old MS.; line 21, *Syren*—Cyrene; line 22, *Rabie*—Arabia; line 24, *harden*—heard.

Page 139, EZECHIEL.—This play appears to be peculiar to the Chester collection. It is founded chiefly upon the prophecies of the Old Testament, and it is a curious specimen of the manner in which they were on such occasions expounded to the vulgar.

Page 139, line 5, *God his ghoste can with me deale*—God imparted to me his spirit.

Page 140, line 7, *uppon a roe*—on a row; line 14, *yare*—yore, long ago; line 16, *can with them fare*—began to fare with them: i.e., fared with them. It is a method of forming the imperfect tense in old English; line 24, *thester*—dark: this word is added from MS. Harl. 2124.

Page 141, line 30, *tighte*—promised; line 31, *lightens*—listens: probably one of the transcriber's corruptions of the original.

Page 142, line 5, *Enocke and Helye*.—See before the note on p. 79, and a further account of these personages in the play of Antichrist; line 12, *martrisse*—martyrs; line 32, *skewed*—variegated, piebald.

Page 143, line 12, *yeade*—went; line 13, *fonge*—catch, seize; line 19, *fore-treade*—trod to pieces; line 20, *lead*—people, person.

Page 145, line 15, *chaundlers*—candlesticks; line 27, *vower*—devoir, duty.

Page 147, line 23, *xv. signes*.—The "fiftene signs" or "tokens" which were to precede the day of judgment formed a subject of extreme interest in the Middle Ages, and were consigned to prose and verse in almost every language. They are generally stated, as in our text, to have been

taken from the writings of St. Jerome, although others say they are first found in the *Prognosticon futuri seculi* of Julianus Pomerius, a theologian who died in the year 690. These fifteen signs, not always described in the same order, are of frequent occurrence in English verse in old manuscripts. The following example, composed probably in the thirteenth century, is taken from a MS. written about the year 1309 (MS. Harl., No. 913, fol. 20, r°); it is unfortunately imperfect at the end, from the loss of a leaf or two in the MS.:—

xv. signa ante judicium.

The grace of Jhesu fulle of miȝte,
Throȝ prier of ure swete levedi,
Mote amang us nuthe aliȝte,
And ever us ȝem and savi.
Man and woman, thou aȝtist tak gome,
This worldis ending how hit ssal be;
The wondres that sal com befor the dome,
That ȝung and old hit sal i-se.
The xv. tokingis ichul ȝou telle,
As us techith Ysaie;
The holi gost him taȝt ful welle,
And he hit prechid for profecie.

Hit is i-writ in holi boke,
As clerkis hit mow se and rede,
That no thing no man mai loke
That is so grisful for to drede.
Ther nis alive so sinful man,
If he therof wold tak kepe,
And he wold thench apan,
That nold wel sore in hert wepe.

Godmen, takith nou gome
Of tokninges that commith bifor;
The children within the moder wome
Wel sore sul dute and drede therfor;
Within the moder wom hi sul grede,
Up Jhesu Criste ever to crie:
Loverde Crist, thou red us rede,
And of us thou hab mercie!
We wold, loverd, that we ner
In world i-com forto bene,
And unbeȝet of ure fader wer,
That al thing nou sal suffri tene.

1. The first tokning sal be thusse,
Al for soth we sul hit see;
And that other sal be wors,
For soth ȝe mou wel live me.
The sterris that thou sest so briȝte,
In heven above that sit so fast,
For manis sin sal give no liȝt,
Ac sal adun to erthe be cast.
As fair and briȝte as thou seest ham
Hi worth becom as blak as cole;
And be of hiwe durke and wan,
For manis sin that hi sul thole.

2. Ther nis alive so stidfast man,
That therof ne sal agrise;
Him to hide he ne can,
No whoder to fle in none wise;
Bot as bestis that wer wode,
Aȝe othir to erne her and thare;
For-thi hi ne sul can no gode,
See no lond hi ne sul spare.

Than the dede up sal arise,
  Up har biriles forto sitte;
Of thilk dai hi sal agrise,
  And lok as bestis that cun no witte.

3. The thrid dai than amorow
  Grisful hit sal be to loke,
Of moch weping and of sorow,
  As we fint in holi boke.
The sone that nou schinith so briȝt,
  Thilk dai thou salt i-se,
Wel grene and wan sal be is liȝt,
  And that for dred so hit sal be.
Abute the time of middai
  He worth as blak as the cole:
We mou sigge, wailawai!
  Moch is the pine that we sul thole.

4. The ferth dai that silf son
  Worth as rede as hit wer fire;
For ferd of dome that he sold come
  Bifor Jhesus the heiȝ sire.

5. The fifte tokning that sal befal,
  That allirkin maner beste
Wel sore hi sul quak withal.
  Wil that ilk dai sal lest.
Towar heven behold sul hi,
  With har mund and with har thoȝt,
Of Jhesu Crist merci to cri
  Thoȝ that hi ne mou spek riȝt noȝt.
Alas! Loverd, wat sul we tak,
  We that abbith sin i-wroȝt,
Niȝt and dai we aȝt sore quake,
  Whan we it sold thench in ure thoȝt.

6. The sixte dai ne lef ich noȝt,
  Wan thes montis and thes hille,
Al for soth hit wurth i-broȝt,
  Thes depe dalis forto fille.
Ther nis castel no ture none,
  That ever was no be salle,
I-makid was of lime and ston,
  That ne sal adun to-falle.
No no tre in erth so fast,
  Mid al har rotis so fast i-piȝt,
That ne sal adun to berst,
  Thilk silve dai er hit be niȝt.

7. The sefthe dai hit sal grow aȝe,
  Har crop adun har rote an hei,
Such wondris we sul i-se,
  For Godis wreth that sit an hei.
The tren sul blede a wonder thing,
  The thing that bodi no flesse nath non,
For dred of the heven king,
  Unkundlich thing ded sal don.
Than sal dei bothe pover and riche,
  Ne sal than ther withstond no thing;
Al we sul ben i-lich,
  Bothe kniȝt and barun, erl and king,
Ne sal ther help castel no ture,
  Palfrei, chasur, no no stede,
No for al is moch honur,
  That he ne worth wel sone dede.

8. The eiȝt dai so is dotus.
  And that ful wel thou salt se,
Ful of tene and angus,
  Al this dai so sal be.

Al the see sel draw i-fere,
As a walle to stond upriȝt;
And al thos watris that beth here,
Sal cri merci up God almiȝt.
The fissis that beth therin i-wroȝt,
The see so hard sal ham to-drive,
That hi wol wene in her thoȝt
That God of heven nis noȝt alive.
Than the see sal draw aȝe
Into the stid ther hit was,
And euch verisse watir than sal he
Becom to is owin plas.

9. The ix. tokin sal be thus,
The wonderis that worth thilk dai,
Over al that other sal devers,
Wate hit is ich ȝow tel mai.
The holi man tellith seint Austin,
That the skeis so sal spec than,
Wan al thing so sal hab fine,
In steven as hit wer man.
Hi sul grede lude withal,
In nois of man up God to cri,
As heven and erthe sold to-fal,
God and man nouth merci.
Loverd, merci of miȝt,
Nouth is al ur time i-spend,
For sinful manis ein siȝt,
Ne let us never ben i-schend.

10. Ther nis no seint in heven abow,
In al Godis ferred,
That therof ne sal amove,
And of thilk tokin be aferd.
Thus us tellith seint Jeronime,
And seint Gregori also,
That than sal quake seraphin and cherubin,
That beth angles two.
Ther nis in heven angil i-wis,
That to other sal hab spech,
So sore i-worth adrad, i-wis,
Of Jhesus Cristis gremful wreche.
Al the fendis that beth in hel,
With grete din hi wol com than,
Har mone thou salt-hire ful wel,
Hou hi sul cri to God and man.
O man and womman, thou take hede,
Hou the fentis sul men har mone,
Wel aȝtist the fair to lede,
Wile thou art in this wreche wone.
Up Jhesus Crist hi sul cri,
With such a steven of pine and wo,
Loverd, ȝif us ur herbegi,
Aȝe to helle let us never go.

11. The xi. dai fure windis sul rise,
And the reinbow than sal fal,
That al the fentis sal of agris,
And be i-fesid into helle.
For wolny nulny hi sul fle,
And that into the pine of helle,
Maugrei ham ther hi mot be,
With duble pine therin to dwel.

12. The xij. dai the fure elemens sul cri,
Al in one heiȝ stevene,
Merci, Jhesus fiz Mari,
As thou ert God and king of hevene.

* * * * *

The following version is taken from a manuscript written about the time of Edward IV., (MS. Harl., 2255, fol. 117, r°.) and, as will be seen at once, bears a closer resemblance to the description in the Chester Plays than to the earlier poem.

The fiffteene toknys aforn the doom.

As the doctour sanctus Jeronimus,
Which that knew by inspiracioun
Fiftene toknys, the Scripture tellith thus,
And therof makith a declaracioun,
Afor the jugement and for conclusioun.
The *ffirst day* the se shal ryse on heighte,
Above al hillys, to ther inspeccioun,
Fourty kybitys, in every mannys sight.

The *secunde day* the se shal ek discende,
That unnethe it shal nat wel be seyn.
Wilde beestys upon the flood rorende,
The *thrydde day* herd on mount and pleyn:
Foul beeste and fyssh shal tremble in certeyn,
Compleynyng in ther hydous moone
Up the skyes, this noyse, nat maad in veyn,
For what they mene God shal knowe alloone.

The *ffourthe day* the watir and the see
Shal brenne, as ony flawme light.
The *fiffte day* herbe, foul, and tree,
Shal be bloody dewed to the sight,
And alle foulys for feer shal take ther flight,
As they were echoon of assent,
Nouther ete nor drynke, but lese strength and myght,
Oonly for feer of Cristes jugement.

The *sixte day* howsys oon and olle,
Grete castellys, tours maad of lym and stoon,
Playn with the erthe to grounde shal doun falle,
Fyry floodys and watrys everychoon,
Brennyng as coolys with flawmys ovirgoon,
Sparyng no thyng tyl al be wast and spent.
This ffiry flood shal ovirsprede anoon,
And reche in heyghte face of the firmament.

The *vij^te^ day* stoonys oon and alle,
Alle they togidre shal mete sodeynly,
On foure partyes shal assondir falle,
And in ther hurtlyng noyse dredfully;
And no man shal knowe opynly
What al thyng menyth the hyd previté,

Nor expowne the toknys secrely,
But God alloone in his hih majesté.

The *viij^te tokne* in ordre ye shal have,
Folwyng in soth as ye shal undirstonde,
Ther shal been so gret an erthequave,
That man nor beeste on ther feet shal stonde.
The *nythe day*, pleynly as is the stronde,
Shal hyh mounteyns tourne into poudir smal,
As men shal seen bothe fre and bonde,
Bothe hyl and vale of mesour so egal.

The *tenthe day* from kavernys and ther kavys,
Men shal come out lyk folk that can no good,
And renne abrood lyk drounke men that ravys,
Or as they wern frentyk outhir wood,
Dedly pale, and devoyde of blood,
Nat speke a woord oon unto anothir,
As witles peple, of resoun and of mood
No queyntaunce maad brothir unto brothir.

The *xj^e signe* pleynly to devise,
As it is remembrid in scripture,
Ded boonys that day sal aryse,
And grisly stonde on ther sepulture,
And shewyn outward a dredful foul figure,
So to stonde al day with boonys blak and donne,
Of doom abyde the dredful aventure,
Tyl goyng doun of the bloody sonne.

The *vij^e day*, mor dredful than is werre,
Ageyns which shal be no resistence,
Doun from hevene shal fallen every sterre,
With firy levene and ferful violence,
And beestys alle shal comyn in presence,
Withinne a feeld, and of verray drede
Nouthir ete nor drynke for noon indigence,
But krye and howle, and dar hemsilf nat fede.

The *xiij^e day* men that ben alyve
Shal deye echon, this is wel certeyn;
And aftir that they shal aryse blyve,
With othir bodyes to come to lyve ageyn.
The *xiiij^e day* ther shal also be seyn
Hevene and erthe, verrayly in dede,
Withoute refute or ony maneer geyn,
Conswme and al into asshes dede.

The laste accountyd ful fifftene,
As seyn Jerom pleynly doth devise,
Hevene and erthe al newe shal be sene,
And alle bodyes shal that day aryse,
As this doctour setteth the emprise,
Of this mateer God graunte, as I now wisse,
Afor this day that al men been so wyse,
Thorugh Cristes passioun that they may come to blisse.
Explicit.

Page 147, line 32, *againste kynde*—contrary to nature.

Page 148, line 19, *mased*—amazed; line 23, *dare*—quake, tremble; line 24, *layte*—lightning; line 27, *glente*—glide, glance.

Page 149, line 4, *so strette men shalbe stadde*—so straight men shall be pressed; line 10, *buryalles*—sepulchres.

Page 150, ANTICHRIST.—The legend of Antichrist was one that excited much interest during the Middle Ages, and it was believed at different times that this forerunner of the last judgment had already made his appearance. The only play on the subject, with the exception of this in the Chester Collection, is the early Latin play printed by Pez, in his "Thesaurus Anecdotorum novissimus," tom. ii., part 3, p. 187, and reprinted at the end of the present volume, which may be advantageously compared with the Chester Play. The latter represents very fully the common medieval legend on the subject.

Page 150, line 9, *leedes*—people; line 20, *forbyear*—redeemer.

Page 151, line 6, *ligged*—belied; line 9, *farde*—fared, went; line 10, *wound*—discontinue; line 11, *bande*—bond; line 12, *sound*—sending, mission; line 14, *twayne*—separate, disperse; line 16, *myne*—think, have mind; line 21, *bayne*—obedient; line 27, *and their fairenes to founde*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *When I were come in land*, which is doubtless right.

Page 152, line 2, *wonnan*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *nommen*, taken, which appears to be the correct reading; line 3, *mercye*—the same MS. reads *men posty*.

Page 153, *wening*—supposing; *were*—doubt.

Pade 154, line 11, *walle*—well; line 27, *teene*—notice.(?)

Page 155, line 5, *lead*—laid? line 10, *breade*—braid, moment.

Page 160, line 14, *chyde*—dispute; line 17, *payer*—impair.

Page 161, line 13, *lyme*—limb; line 16, *mote*—to argue; line 17, *heare witte mone*—may here know.

Page 162, line 2, *maye*—maid; line 26, *fleyne*—flee; line 30, *feature*—faitor, deceiver; line 31, *nurrye*—child, thing nursed by another.

Page 163, line 3, *cryne*—cry; line 4, *lossilles*—wretches; *lurdenes*—clowns; *lyne*—lie; line 5, *spill*—ruin; *spine*—espy; line 7, *defyne*—defy; line 9, *hyne*—hasten, go; line 17, *rasarde*—a hypocrite (?) MS. Harl. 2124 reads *wyseard*, a wizard.

Page 164, line 15, *mell*—meddle.

Page 165, line 6, *faith*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *fadeth*, of which *faith* appears to be a corruption; line 13, *kenne*—knowledge; line 14, *kene*—to learn.

Page 169, line 1, *glowes*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *goles*: the other Harl. MS. has *gowles*; *blente*—blinded.

Page 172, line 1, *for-thy*—therefore; line 17, *greisslye grome*—fearful fellow.

Page 173, line 19, *underfoe*—undertake, receive.

Page 178, Doomsday.—In the Towneley Mysteries, as in the Chester series, the collection ends with the play of Doomsday, although two short ones, or rather fragments, on the subject of the raising of Lazarus and the hanging of Judas, are written at the end of the MS. The Coventry Collection is imperfect at the conclusion, ending abruptly in the play of the Ascension of the Virgin. In the Towneley Collection, as here, this play is made the occasion to convey a general satire on the vices of the different orders of society at the time.

Page 179, line 4, *steare*—disturb, terrify; line 14, *beames*—trumpets; line 20, *well*—an error of the press for *evill*.

Page 180, line 33, *as hope as lee*—MS. Harl. No. 2124 reads, *save hope of lee*.

Page 181, line 4, *keith*—kindred; line 13, *beayne and bonne*—obedient and ready.

Page 182, line 17, *ballens*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads *bale*.

Page 183, line 21, *laynes*—witholds; line 22, *warne*—avoid; *ne gaynes*—is of no advantage.

Page 185, line 8, *threpe*—to insist, to command; line 16, *bedene*—immediately; line 24, *in yelled to helle yonge*—MS. Harl. 2124 reads, *me yelded to helle thonge*; line 26, *doale*—grief; *drope*—droop; *dare*—tremble.

Page 186, line 8, *langoure*—languor, sorrow; *the have lee*—they have joy; line 15, *clighte*—shut up, closed.

Page 187, line 3, *hyde*, skin; line 10, *bleye*, complexion; line 17, *saw*—saying; line 19, *to-flawe*—scattered, perished; line 20, *fearlye*—strange; line 30, *bande*—bondman.

Page 189, line 4, *rayvinge*—robbing; *layinge mise*—(?) ; line 7, *occure*—usury.

Page 191, line 13, *with outhes.*—Profane swearing, generally by the different members of God, was widely prevalent in the Middle Ages. The preachers against this practice represented that the different members thus prophaned bled anew each time they were invoked, and that the Christians who used such oaths were inflicting greater sufferings on their Saviour than he had experienced from his Jewish persecutors. Line 26, *unbethoughte*—for *umbethoughte*, considered.

Page 193, line 7, *myne*—remember; line 9, *unwyn*—sorrow.

Page 194, line 3, *twayne*—separate.

Page 197, line 2, *reming*—weeping; *gremínge*—lamentation; line 9, *broke I my pane*—I possess my head; line 10, *gryne*—grin; line 12, *popelarde*—hypocritical.

Page 200, *my powche*—pocket, or sack. The fiends were often represented as carrying men's sins and their souls in sacks.

LUDUS PASCHALIS DE ADVENTU ET INTERITU ANTICHRISTI.

(Sub Friderico I. imp. in scena exhibitus.)

[From the Thesaurus Anecdotorum Novissimus of Pez, tom. ii., part 3., p. 187.]

Templum Domini et septem sedes regales primum collocentur in hunc modum. Ad orientem templum Domini. Huic collocantur sedes regis Ierosolymorum et sedes Synagogæ.

Ad occidentem sedes regis Romanorum. Huic collocantur sedes regis Theotonicorum, et sedes regis Francorum. Ad austrum sedes regis Græcorum. Ad meridiem sedes regis Babyloniæ et Gentilitatis. His ita ordinatis, primo procedat Gentilitas cum rege Babyloniæ cantans:

Deorum immortalitas est omnibus colenda,
Eorum et pluralitas ubique metuenda.
Stulti sunt et vere fatui, qui Deum unum dicunt,
Quia antiquitatis ritui perpetuæ contradicunt.
Si enim unum credimus, qui præsit universis,
Subjectum hunc concedimus contrarie diversis;
Cum hinc bonum pacis foveat clementi pietate,
Hinc belli tumultus moveat sæva crudelitate.
Sic multa sunt officia, diversaque deorum,
Quæ nobis sunt indicia discriminis eorum.
Qui igitur tam multifariis unum dicunt præesse,
Illorum contrariis est affici necesse.
Ne ergo unum subjici contrariis dicamus,
Et his divinam affici naturam concedamus;
Ratione hac decernimus deos discriminare,
Officia quorum cernimus ab invicem distare.

Quod etiam debet cantari per totum Ludum in temporibus. Et sic ipsa

et rex Babyloniæ ascendunt in sedem suam. Tunc sequitur Synagoga cum Judæis cantans:

Nostra salus in te, Domine;
Nulla vitæ spes in homine;
Error est in Christi nomine
Spem salutis æstimari.
Mirum, si morti succubuit,
Qui vitam aliis tribuit.
Qui se salvare non potuit,
Ab hoc quis potest salvari?
Non homines: qui est Emmanuel,
Deum adorabis Israel:
Jesum sicut deos Ismael
Te jubeo detestari.

Quod et ipsa cantabit singulis in temporibus, et sic ascendat thronum suum. Tunc Ecclesia in muliebri habitu procedit, induta thoracem, et coronata, assistente sibi Misericordia cum oleo ad dexteram, et Justitia cum libra et gladio ad sinistram, utrisque muliebriter indutis. Sequentur etiam eam Apostolicus a dextris cum clero, et imperator Romanorum a sinistris cum militia. Cantabit autem Ecclesia *Alto consilio*, his, qui eam sequuntur, ad singulos versus respondentibus:

Hæc est fides, ex qua vita,
In qua mortis lex sopita.
Quisquis est, qui credit aliter,
Hunc damnamus æternaliter.

Ascendit autem ipsa cum Apostolico et clero, imperatore et militia sua eundem thronum. Postea procedunt et alii reges cum militia sua cantantes singuli, quod conveniens visum fuerit. Et sic unusquisque cum militia sua ascendet thronum suum, templo adhuc et uno throno vacuis remanentibus.

Tunc imperator dirigit nuncios suos ad singulos reges, et primo ad regem Francorum, dicens:

Sicut scripta tradunt historiographorum,
Totus mundus fuerat fiscus Romanorum.
Hoc primorum strenuitas elaboravit,
Sed posterorum desidia dissipavit.
Sub his imperii dilapsa est potestas,
Quam nostræ repetit potentiæ majestas.
Reges ergo singuli prius instituta
Nunc Romano solvant imperio tributa.

Sed quod in militia valet gens Francorum,
Armis imperio rex serviat eorum.
Huic ut hominem cum fidelitate
Nobis in proximo faciat, imperate.

Tunc legati venientes ad regem Francorum, coram eo cantent:

Salutem mandat imperator Romanorum
Dilecto suo inclyto regi Francorum.
Tuæ discretioni notum scimus esse,
Quod Romano juri debeas subesse.
Unde te repetit sententia tenenda
Summi imperii et semper metuenda,
Cujus ad servitium nos te invitamus,
Et cito venire sub præcepto mandamus.

Quibus ille:

Historiographis si qua fides habetur,
Non nos imperio, sed nobis hoc debetur.
Illud enim seniores Galli possederunt,
Atque suis posteris nobis reliquerunt.
Sed hoc invasoria vi nunc spoliamur;
Absit invasoribus ut nos obsequamur.

Tunc legati redeuntes ad imperatorem, cantent coram eo:

Ecce Franci super te nimium elati
Proterve se opponunt tuæ majestati:
Imo et imperii tui jus infirmatur,
Illud invasorium dum affirmatur.
Digna ergo pœna correpti resipiscant,
Ut per eos alii obedire discant.

Tunc imperator cantat:

Corda solent ante ruinam exaltari;
Superba stultos loqui nolite mirari.
Quorum nos superbiam certe reprimemus,
Ac eos sub pedibus nostris conteremus.
Et qui nunc, ut milites, nolunt obedire,
Tanquam servi postmodum cogentur servire.

Et statim [cum] aciebus vadit ad expugnandum regem Francorum. Qui sibi occurrens, congreditur cum eo, et superatus, captivus reducitur ad sedem imperatoris, et sedente imperatore stat coram eo cantans:

Triumphi gloria est, parcere devictis.
Victus ego tuis nunc obsequor edictis.
Vitam meam simul cum regni dignitate
Positam fateor in tua potestate.

Sed si me pristino restitues honori,
Erit honor victi laus maxima victori.

Tunc imperator eum suscipiens in hominem, et concedens sibi regnum cantat:

Vive per gratiam, et suscipe honorem,
Dum me recognoscis solum imperatorem.

Et ille cum honore dimissus, revertitur in regnum suum cantans:

Romani nominis honorem veneramur;
Augusto Cæsari servire gloriamur,
Cujus imperii virtus est formidanda;
Honor et gloria maneant veneranda.
Omnium rectorem te solum profitemur,
Tibi tota mente semper obsequemur.

Tunc imperator dirigens nuncios suos ad regem Græcorum, cantat:

Sicut scripta tradunt historiographorum,
Quicquid habet mundus, fiscus est Romanorum.
Hoc primorum strenuitas elaboravit,
Sed posterorum desidia dissipavit.
Sub his imperii dilapsa est potestas,
Quam nostræ repetit potentiæ majestas.
Reges ergo singuli prius instituta
Nunc Romano solvant imperio tributa.
Hoc igitur edictum Græcis indicate,
Et ab ipsis debitum censum reportate.

Qui venientes ad regem, cantant coram eo: *Salutem mandat*, ibi mutantes:

Cujus ad servitutem te invitamus,
Et tributum dare sub præcepto mandamus.

Quos ille honeste recipiens, cantat:

Romani nominis honorem veneramur,
Tributum Cæsari reddere gloriamur, etc.

Eosque cum honore dimittens, ipsemet ascendet ad imperium, cantans: *Romani nominis*, etc. Qui eum in hominem suscipiens, et regnum sibi concedens, cantat: *Vive per gratiam.* Tunc ille, suscepto regno, revertitur, cantans: *Romani nominis*, etc.

Tunc iterum dirigit nuncios suos imperator ad regem Ierosolymorum, dicens: *Sicut scripta tradunt*, etc. Qui venientes ad regem, coram eo cantant:

Salutem mandat imperator Romanorum
Dilecto suo regi Ierosolymorum, etc.

Quibus ille honeste susceptis cantat: *Romani nominis*, etc. Et ascendens ad imperium, cantat hoc ipsum iterans: *Romani nominis*, etc. Quo ille suscepto concedit sibi regnum. Ipso itaque reverso in sedem suam, cum jam tota Ecclesia subdita sit imperio Romano, consurgit rex Babylonis in medio suorum cantans:

Ecce superstitio novitatis vanæ,
Quam error adinvenit sectæ Christianæ,
Fere destruxit ritum antiquitatis,
Et diis subtraxit honorem deitatis,
Quorum cultum deleri prorsus ne sinamus,
Nomen Christianum de terra deleamus.
Quod ab eo loco debemus inchoare,
Unde primo cœpit hæc secta pullulare.

Et ordinans acies suas, vadit ad obsidendam Ierosolymam. Tunc rex Ierosolymæ dirigit nuncios suos ad imperium, cantans:

Ite hæc Ecclesiæ mala nunciantes,
Nobis auxilium ab ipsa postulantes.
Hæc dum cognoverit Romanus imperator,
Ipse noster erit ab hoste liberator.

Qui venientes ad Imperium, cantant coram eo:

Defensor Ecclesiæ, nostri miserere,
Quos volunt inimici Domini delere.
Venerunt gentes in Dei hæreditatem,
Obsidione tenent sanctam civitatem,
Locum, in quo sancti ejus pedes steterunt,
Ritu spurcissimo contaminare quærunt.

Quibus ille:

Ite vestros propere fratres consolantes,
Ut nostrum auxilium læti postulantes,
Nos pro certo sciant in proximo venire,
Ne de ipsis valeant hostes superbire.

Qui reversi, stant coram rege, cantantes:

Viriliter agens, ab hoste sis securus;
Appropinquat enim ab hoc te redempturus,
Quem debes in prælio constans præstolari;
Per hunc te gaudebis in brevi liberari.

Interim dum imperator colligit exercitum, Angelus Domini subito apparens, cantat:

Judæa et Jerusalem, nolite timere,
Sciens te auxilium Dei cras timere;

Nam tui fratres adsunt, qui te liberabunt,
Atque tuos hostes potenter superabunt.

Tunc Chorus: *Judæa et Jerusalem.* Interim imperator cum suis procedat ad prælium, et finito prælio responsorio, congrediatur cum rege Babylonis. Quo superato et fugam ineunte, imperator cum suis intret templum, et postquam ibi adoraverit, tollens coronam de capite, et tenens eam cum sceptro et imperio ante altare, cantet:

Suscipe quod offero; nam corde benigno
Tibi regi regum imperium resigno,
Per quem reges regnant, qui solus imperator
Dici potes, et es cunctorum gubernator.

Et eis depositis super altare, ipse revertitur ad sedem antiqui regni sui, Ecclesia quæ secum descenderat Ierosolymam, in templo remanente. Tunc Ecclesia et Gentilitas et Synagoga vicissim cantant, ut supra. Procedant hypocritæ sub silentio et specie humilitatis, inclinantes circumquaque et captantes favorem laicorum. Ad ultimum, omnes conveniant ante Ecclesiam et sedem regis Ierosolymorum, qui eos honeste suscipiens, ex toto se subdet eorum consilio. Statim ingreditur Antichristus, sub alis indutus loricam, comitantibus eum Hypocrisi a dextris et Hæresi a sinistris; ad quas ipse cantat:

Mei regni venit hora;
Per vos ergo sine mora
Fiat, ut conscendam regni solium.
Me mundus adoret, et non alium.
Vos adaptas cognovi;
Vos ad hoc usque fovi.

Ecce labor vestra, et industria,
Ad hoc mihi sunt necessaria.
En! Christum gentes honorant,
Venerantur, et adorant.
Ejus ergo delete memoriam,
In me transferentes gloriam.

Ad Hypocrisim:

In te pono fundamentum.

Ad Hæresim:

Per te fiet incrementum.

Ad Hypocrisim:

Tu favorem laicorum exstrue.

Ad Hæresim:

Tu docrinam clericorum destrue.

Tunc illæ:

Per nos mundus tibi credet;
Nomen Christi tibi cedet.

Hypocrisis:

Nam per me favorem dabunt laici.

Hæresis:

Et per me Christum negabunt clerici.

Tunc præcedent eum, ipso paulatim sequente. Et postquam venerint ante sedem regis Ierosolymæ, Hypocrisis insusurret hypocritis, annuncians eis adventum Antichristi. Qui statem occurrent sibi cantantes:

Sacra Religio jamdiu titubavit;
Matrem Ecclesiam vanitas occupavit.
Ut quid perditio per viros phaleratos?
Deus non diliget sæculares prælatos.
Ascende culmina regiæ potestatis;
Per te reliquiæ mutentur vetustatis.

Tunc Antichristus:

Quomodo fiet hoc? Ego sum vir ignotus.

Tunc ipsi:

Nostro consilio mundus favebit totus;
Nos occupavimus favorem laicorum,
Nunc per te corruat doctrina clericorum.
Nostris auxiliis hunc thronum occupabis;
Tu tuis meritis cætera consummabis.

Tunc Antichristus veniens aute sedem regis Ierosolynæ, cantat ad hypocritas:

Quem sub Ecclesiæ gremio concepistis
Longis conatibus, me tandem genuistis.
Ascendam igitur, regna subjugabo;
Deponam vetera, nova jura dictabo.

Tunc exeuntes ei superiora indumenta, ascendunt expositis gladiis, et deponentes regem Hierosolymorum, coronant Antichristum, cantantes:

Firmetur manus tua, et exaltetur dextera tua.

Tunc rex Ierosolymis ascendat ad regem Teutonicorum solus cantans:

Deceptus fueram per spem bonorum,
Ecce destituor fraude simulatorum;
Regni fastigia putabam beata,
Si essent talium edictis ordinata.
Romani culminis dum esses advocatus,
Sub honore viguit Ecclesiæ status.
Nunc tuæ patens est malum discessionis;
Viget pestiferæ lex superstitionis.

Interim hypocritæ conducunt Antichristum in templum Domini, ponentes ibi thronum suum. Ecclesia vero, quæ ibi remanserat, multis contumeliis et verberibus affecta, redibit and sedem Apostolici.

Tunc Antichristus diriget nuncios suos ad singulos reges Græcorum, dicens:

Scitis divinitus ab hoc me vobis datum,
Ut per omnes habeam terras principatum.
Ad hoc idoneos ministros vos elegi,
Per quos mundus totus subdatur nostræ legi.
Hinc primo terminos Græcorum occupate;
Græcos terroribus aut bello subjugate.

Qui venientes ad regem Græcorum, cantant coram eo:

Rex, tibi salus sit a salvatore
Nostro, regum et totius orbis rectore,
Qui, sicut ex Scripturis fuit mundo promissus,
Descendit de cœlis, ab arce Patris missus.
Ille semper idem manens in deitate,
Ad vitam sua nos invitat pietate;
Hic se vult a cunctis ut Deum venerari,
Et a toto mundo se jubet adorari.
Hujus edicti formam si tu præteribis,
In ore gladii cum tuis interibis.

Quibis ille:

Libentur exhibeo regi famulatum,
Quem tanto dicitis honore sublimatum,
Honor est et gloria tali obedire;
Huic tota mente desidero servire.

Et hoc iterans venit ad præsentiam Antichristi, et stans coram eo, cantat:

Tibi profiteor decus imperiale,
Quo tibi serviam, jus postulo regale.

Et flexu genu offert ei coronam. Tunc Antichristus depingens primam literam nominis sui regi et omnibus suis in fronte, et coronam ei in capite reponens; cantat:

Vive per gratiam, et suscipe honorem,
Dum me recognoscis cunctorum creatorem.

Tunc ille revertitur ad sedem suam. Iterum Antichristus dirigit hypocritas ad regem Francorum cum muneribus, dicens:

Hæc munera regi Francorum offeretis,
Quem cum suis ad nos per illa convertetis.
Hi nostro ritui formam adinvenere,
Nostro adventui viam præparavere.
Horum subtilitas nobis elaboravit
Thronum conscendere, quem virtus occupavit.

Tunc hypocritæ, acceptis muneribus, vadunt ad regem Francorum, et stantes coram eo, cantant: *Rex, tibi salus sit*, etc. Ultimam clausulam ista commutantes:

Sed de tui regni certus devotione,
Rependit tibi vicem voluntatis bonæ.

Tunc Rex, acceptis muneribus, cantat; *Libenter exhibeo*, etc. Et hoc iterans, venit ad præsentiam Antichristi, et flexo genu offert ei coronam, cantans: *Tibi profiteor*, etc. Antichristus, eo suscepto in osculo, signat eum et suos in frontibus, et imponens ei coronam, cantat; *Vive per gratiam*, etc. Tunc iterum dirigit hypocritas ad regem Teutonicorum, cantans:

Excellens est in armis gens Teotonicorum,
Sicut testantur experti robur eorum.
Regem muneribus est opus mitigari;
Est cum Teotonicis incautum præliari,
Hi secum pugnantibus pessima pestis;
Hos nobis subjicite donis, si potestis.

Tunc hypocritæ, acceptis muneribus, transeunt ad regem cantantes coram eo: *Rex, tibi salus sit*, etc., ultimum versum isto commutantes:

Et his te honorans muneribus absentem,
Amicum desiderat cernere præsentem.

Tunc rex Teotonicorum cantat:

Fraudibus versutias compellor experiri,
Per quos nequitia vestra solet mentiri.
Sub forma veritas virtutis putatur:
Ostendet falsitas, quod forma mentiatur.
Per vos corrupta est fides Christianorum;
Per me conteretur regnum simulatorum.
Plena sunt fraudibus munera deceptoris,
In quos corruet per gladium ultoris;
Secum pecunia sit in perditionem;
Gravem injuria expectat ultionem.

Tunc hypocritæ confusi redeunt, et stantes coram Antichristo, cantant:

O regni gloria, caput totius mundi,
Offensa aspice mundi furibundi.
Certe prædictum est per fidem antiquorum,
Quod tu subjicies cervices superborum.
Si virtute tua totus orbis subsistit,
Qua vi Teotonicorum furor tibi resistit?
Igitur tuam Germania blasphemat ditionem;
Extollit cornua contra religionem.

Respice nostram confusionem;
In ea judica tuam offensionem.
Tuam potentiam injuria testatur,
Cujus imperium ruinam minatur.

Tunc Antichristus:

Consummabo vere gentem perditionis
Pro tanto scandalo religionis:
Ecce superbiam humanæ potestatis!
Terret potentia divinæ majestatis!

Tunc dirigit nuncios suos ad reges, dicens eis:

Ite congregantes facultates regnorum
Conculcent impetu furorem superborum.

Nuncii vero venientes coram regibus, cantant:

Ecce noster dominus et Deus Deorum
Per nos convocat exercitum suorum,
Ut per eos Teotonicum condemnet furorem,
In bello martyrum consignabit cruorem.

Tunc reges conveniunt ante thronum Antichristi. Quibus ille:

Consummabo vere, etc.
Ite Germaniæ terminos invadetis,
Superbum populum cum rege conteretis.

Tunc omnes cantant:

Deus nobiscum est, quos tuetur potenter;
Pro fide igitur pugnemus confidenter.

Et disponentes acies suas in occursum Teotonicorum, congrediuntur cum eis; et superatur exercitus Antichristi. Tunc rex Teotonicorum rediens, et sedens in throno suo, cantat:

Sanguine patriæ honor est retinendus;
Virtute patriæ est hostis expellendus:
Jus dolo perditum est sanguine venale;
Sic retinebimus decus imperiale.

Tunc hypocritæ adducunt claudum coram Antichristo. Quo sanato, Rex Teotonicorum hæsitabit in fide. Tunc iterum adducunt leprosum, et illo sanato, rex plus dubitabit. Ad ultimum, important feretrum, in quo jacebat quidam simulans se in prælio occisum. Jubet itaque Antichristus ut surgat, dicens:

Signa semper quærunt rudes et infideles;
Surge, surge velociter; quis sim ego reveles.

Tunc ille de feretro cantat:

Tu sapientia supernæ veritatis,
Virtus invicta es divinæ majestatis.

Et hypocritæ secum cantant: *Tu sapientia, et cætera,* Tunc rex Teotonicorum videns signa, seducitur dicens:

Nostro nos impetu semper periclitamur;
Adversus Dominum incauti præliamur.
In hujus nomine mortui suscitantur,
Et claudi ambulant, leprosi mundantur;
Illius igitur gloriam veneremur.

Tnne rex ascendit ad Antichristum, et hoc idem cantat. Cum autem venerit coram eo, flexo genu offert ei coronam, cantans: *Tibi, profiteor,* etc. Tunc Antichristus signans eum et suos in frontibus, et imponens ei coronam, cantat: *Vive per gratiam,* etc. Tunc committit sibi expeditionem ad gentes, dicens:

Vobis credentibus, convertimur ad gentes.

Et dato sibi gladio, cantat:

Per te disponimus has fieri credentes.

Tunc rex veniens ad thronum Gentilitatis, et mittens legatum ad regem Babylonis, cantat coram eo:

Potestas Domini maneat in æternum!
Quæ adoranda est quasi numen sempiternum:
Condemnat penitus culturam idolorum;
Præcipit abjici ritus simulacrorum.

Tunc Gentilitas ad legatum:

Finxit invidia hanc singularitatem,
Ut unam coleret homo divinitatem,
Ille jure Deus cupidus æstimatur,
Qui specialius cæteris vult ut solus colatur;
Nos igitur sequimur ritum antiquitatis;
Diis discrimina reddimus deitatis.

Tunc nuncius:

Unus est Dominus, quem jure veneramur,

Et dejiciens simulacrum cantat:

Idolum detestamur.

Statim Gentiles concurrunt, et præliantur cum exercitu Antichristi. Et superatus rex Babylonis, ducitur captivus ad Antichristum. Tunc rex genu flexo offert coronam Antichristo, dicens: *Tibi profiteor,* etc. Tunc Antichristus signans eum et suos in frontibus, et imponens coronam, ei cantat: *Vive per gratiam,* etc. Statim redeunt ad sedes suas, omnes cantantes:

Omnium rectorem te solum profitemur;
Tibi tota mente semper obsequemur.

Tunc Antichristus dirigens hypocritas ad Synagogam, cantat:

Judæis dicite Messiam advenisse,
Et me in gentibus tributum accepisse.
Judæis dicite; En ego sum Messias!
Ego sum promissus eis per prophetias.

Tunc hypocritæ ad Synagogam:

Regalis generis gens est peculiaris;
Fidelis populus ubique prædicaris.
Pro tuenda lege jamdudum exulasti;
Procul a patria Messiam expectasti:
Hæc exspectatio reddet hæreditatem;
Jocunda novitas mutabit vetustatem.
Ecce mysterium tuæ redemptionis;
Rex enim natus est auctor religionis.
Hic est Emanuel, quem testantur Scripturæ,
Per cujus gratiam tu regnabis secure;
Erexit humiles, et superbos dejecit,
Potenter omnia sub pedibus subjecit.
Surge, Jerusalem, surge, illuminare;
Captiva diu Synagoga, lætare.

Tunc Synagoga:

Hæc consolatio divinæ bonitatis
Laborem respicit nostræ captivatis.
Eamus igitur obviam Salvatori.
Dignum est reddere gloriam Redemptori.

Tunc Synagoga surgens, vadit ad Antichristum, etc.

Ades, Emanuel, quem semper veneramur,
In cujus gloria nos quoque gloriamur.

Tunc venientem suscipit Synagogam, signans eam, et dicens:

Per me egredere vectem confusionis
Tibi restituo terram promissionis.
In tuo lumine en gentes ambulant,
Et sub pacis tuæ lege reges regnant.

Tunc Synagoga redeunte, intrant Prophetæ dicentes:

Verbum Patris habens divinitatem
In Virgine sumpsit humanitatem;
Manens Deus, effectus est mortalis,
Semper Deus factus est temporalis.
Non naturæ usu sic testante
Hoc factum est, sed Deo operante.

Nostram sumpsit infirmitatem,
Ut infirmis conferret firmitatem.
Hunc Judæi mortalem cognoverunt,
Immortalem quem esse nescierunt.
Nec sermoni nec signis credidere;
Sub Pilato Christum crucifixere.
Moriendo mortem mortificavit;
A Gehenna credentes liberavit.
Hic surrexit vere non moriturus;
Regnat semper in proximo futurus.
Hic sæculum per ignem judicabit;
Universos in carne suscitabit;
A reprobis salvandos separabit.
Malos damnans, bonos glorificabit.
Vere scitis quid Scripturæ loquantur;
Enoch vivum et Heliam testantur.

Tunc Synagoga:

Ubinam sunt?

Illi:

Nos sumus vere,
In quos fines sæculorum devenere.
Iste Enoch, et ego sum Helias,
Quos hucusque servaverat Messias,
Qui jam venit et adhuc est venturus,
Per nos primum Israel redempturus.
Ecce venit homo perditionis,
Magnæ consummans muros Babylonis:
Non est Christus.

Tunc tollunt ei velum. Statim Synagoga convertitur ad verba Prophetarum, dicens:

Seducti sumus vere per Antichristum,
Qui mentitur se Judæorum Christum.
Certa indicia sunt nostræ libertatis
Elias et Enoch prophetæ veritatis.
Tibi gratias damus, Adonai rex gloriæ,
Personarum Trinitas ejusdem substantiæ,
Vere Pater Deus est, cujus Unigenitus
Deus est, idem Deus est amborum Spiritus.

Interim hypocritæ venientes ad Antichristum, cantant:

Oh culmen regium divinæ majestatis!
Tibi subtrahitur honor divinitatis.

Intravere senes doctores vanitatis,
Qui blasphemant tuæ honorem potestatis
Judæis prædicant tenore Scripturarum,
Te rex omnipotens caput hypocritarum.

Tunc Antichristus ad hypocritas:

Cum me totus orbis studeat adorare,
Jus mei nominis quis audeat negare?
Synogogam et senes mihi repræsentate,
Reos conveniam super hac levitate.

Tunc ministri venientes ad Prophetas et Synagogam, cantant:

Testes mendacii, præcones falsitatis,
Vos tribunal vocat divinæ majestatis.

Tunc Prophetæ:

Non seducet homo iniquitatis
Servos Christi ministris falsitatis.

Tunc nuncii adducunt Prophetas et Synagogam ad Antichristum, quibus ille:

Fert in insaniam proprietatis
Vos, quos decipiunt vultus auctoritatis.
Sanctis promissus, sum redemptio futura,
Vere Messia, ut testatur Scriptura.
De me suscipite formam religionis;
Sum infidelibus lapis offensionis.

Tunc Prophetæ:

Tu blasphemus auctor iniquitatis,
Radix mali, turbator veritatis,
Antichristus, seductor pietatis.

Tunc Antichristus commotus, dicit ministris:

Ecce blasphemias meæ divinitatis
Ulciscatur manus divinæ majestatis;
Qui blasphemant in me divinam pietatem,
Divini numinis gustent severitatem.
Pereant penitus oves occisionis
Pro tanto scandalo sanctæ religionis.

Tandem Synagoga cantat confessionem istam:

Nos erroris pœnitet; ad fidem convertimur,
Quicquid nobis inferet persecutor, patimur.

Tunc ministri educunt eos, et occidunt. Interim vero, dum occiduntur, Ecclesia cantat: *fasciculus myrrhæ dilectus meus mihi.* Tunc ministris reversis, Antichristus dirigit nuncios suos ad singulos reges, cantans:

Reges conveniant, et agmina sanctorum,
Adorari volo a gloria regnorum.
Cuncta divinitus manus una firmavit;
Suos divinitas hostes exterminavit;
Pace conclusa sunt cuncta jura regnorum;
Ad coronam vocat suos Deus Deorum.

Tunc omnes reges conveniunt undique cum suis usque ad præsentiam Antichristi, cantantes: *Cuncta divinitus*, etc. Quibus Antichristus:

Ista prædixerunt mei prædicatores,
Viri mei nominis, et juris cultores;
Hæc mea gloria, quam diu prædixere,
Qua fruentur mecum quicunque meruere.
Post eorum casum, quos vanitas illusit,
Pax et securitas universa conclusit.

Statim fit sonitus super caput Antichristi, et eo corruente, et omnibus suis fugientibus, Ecclesia cantat: *Ecce homo, qui non posuit Deum adjutorem suum! Ego autem sicut oliva fructifera in domo Dei.* Tunc omnibus redeuntibus ad fidem, Ecclesia ipsos suscipiens incipit:

Laudem dicite Deo nostro.

EXPLICIT.

THE END.

F. Shoberl, Jun., Printer to H.R.H. Prince Albert, Rupert Street.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

OF

THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY

TO THE

SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS,

HELD ON

THE 26TH APRIL, 1847,

AT THE ROOMS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE, NO. 4,
ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

The advantages to be expected from associations formed on the model of the Shakespeare Society are testified by the subsequent establishment of so many bodies of the same character, and supported by the same means. A new and vigorous impulse has thus been given to literature and archæology; but, at the same time, it is indisputable that, to a certain extent, one Society has interfered with the prosperity of another. Perhaps, of all the associations now existing, the Shakespeare Society has least felt the injurious effects of this competition: its purposes are defined; and the main subject to which it directs its attention is one that excites the most lively interest at home and abroad, in the Old World and in the New, viz., the origin and progress of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, more especially with reference to the productions of Shakespeare. Such was the design promulgated in our first prospectus, and the issue of about thirty volumes affords proof of the energy and activity with which our proceedings have been conducted. While the rivalry above alluded to has done comparatively

little in preventing the increase of our numbers, it has animated the Council to additional exertions, and will doubtless produce a corresponding effect upon the members at large.

The present is the Sixth Anniversary; and if the growth of the Society during the past year have not been quite as rapid as formerly, another cause, beyond that already referred to, may justly be assigned for it: it has arisen out of the anxiety of the Council to give to the subscribers the utmost that could be expected for the annual payment. It was originally intended that the last work of the year which closed on the 31st December, 1846, should have been the first work of the year which commenced on the 1st January, 1847; but, on consideration, it was held that the state of the funds would allow the issue of another volume for the subscription of 1846. The consequence was that the first book of 1847 was unavoidably postponed till March, and many members naturally deferred the payment of their subscriptions, until they could at the same time receive a book in return. Hitherto, the Council has taken care that the first book of the year shall be ready for delivery at the very commencement of that year, and the beneficial result was the early payment of most of the subscriptions. If, as before observed, the practice has this year been different, the alteration was only made with a view to the real and substantial satisfaction of the members, in order to avoid the possibility of complaint, on the score of the fewness of the publications for 1846.

The issue of the works of the Society for 1847 has thus unavoidably commenced later than usual; but at the close of the year members will not find that the number of publications has been diminished; although it must always be borne in mind that the principal outlay upon every book is the same, whether the members of the Society are few or numerous. It costs just as much to compose the types for five hundred copies as for five thousand.

The Report of the Council last year contained the gratifying

information that the Duke of Devonshire had placed at its disposal a most valuable series of sketches by Inigo Jones, some of which importantly illustrate the court entertainments of James I. and Charles I., when the plays and masques of our early dramatists were frequently represented. Nothing can equal the liberality of his Grace in this respect, unless it be the manner in which, in warm sympathy with our objects, he has rendered all his unequalled stores of English Dramatic Poetry accessible to the Shakespeare Society. Since the last General Meeting the facsimiles of the drawings of Inigo Jones have been completed, and the letter-press of the work has been confided to three members of the Council. Mr. Cunningham will furnish a new memoir of the artist from sources of which previous biographers were entirely ignorant; Mr. Planché has undertaken the department for which, as is well known, he is peculiarly qualified, namely, all that relates to dresses and theatrical costume; and Mr. Collier has promised a court drama of the time, to which some of the drawings apply, from the original manuscript in his hands, besides superintending through the press the two masques of Ben Jonson, in his own handwriting, preserved in the British Museum, with the existence of which manuscripts all his editors were unacquainted. A work of such variety and importance must necessarily occupy time in its preparation, but the Council has reason to hope that it will be included in the subscription of the current year.

The following volumes have been distributed among the members during the year ending 31 December, 1846:—

1. The Fair Maid of the Exchange, A Comedy by Thomas Heywood: and Fortune by Land and Sea, a Tragi-comedy, by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley. Edited by Barron Field, Esq.

2. The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom. An Ancient Interlude. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

3. Memoirs of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays, enumerated in the folio of 1623. By J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

4. Eight Novels employed by English Dramatic Poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, originally published by BARNABY RICHE, in the year 1581, and reprinted from a copy of that date in the Bodleian Library.

In consequence of the appropriation of the last work to the year 1846, instead of making it the earliest work for 1847, it happens that the only publication yet issued for 1847, strictly speaking, has been the following:—

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER, a Comedy, by NICHOLAS UDALL, and THE TRAGEDIE OF GORBODUC, by THOMAS NORTON and THOMAS SACKVILLE. With Introductory Memoirs. Edited by WILLIAM DURRANT COOPER, Esq., F.S.A.

With regard to forthcoming publications, the delay of the second volume of the "Chester Miracle Plays" has necessarily attracted attention. The body of the work has been for some time printed, but the many avocations of the editor, Mr. Wright, have postponed the completion of the notes. The Society has never devoted any portion of its funds to the remuneration of gentlemen who in this way have given their valuable aid, and it can hardly be expected that services merely gratuitous should be performed before those from which emoluments are derived. Mr. Wright has, however, completed his notes, which are now in the press, and the Council has great satisfaction in announcing that the book will be ready for delivery very shortly after the General Meeting.

The other works in the press, and in various stages of progress, are the following:—

1. SKETCHES BY INIGO JONES FOR PLAYS AND MASQUES AT COURT. With a new Memoir of the artist by P. CUNNINGHAM, Esq.; observations on ancient theatrical costume by J. R. PLANCHE, Esq.; and three Masques by Ben Jonson, &c., edited by J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ.

2. Vol. III. of THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY'S PAPERS: being a Miscellany of Contributions illustrative of the Drama and Literature of the Shakesperean Era. To be continued.

9. The ALARUM AGAINST USURERS. By THOMAS LODGE, containing a reply to Stephen Gosson's "Ephemerides of Phialo." From the edition of 1584, 4to., in the Bodleian Library.

10. PASQUIL'S JESTS, mixed with Mother Bunch's Merriments. Whereunto is added a dozen of Gulls. Pretty and pleasant to drive away the tediousness of a Winter's Evening. From the earliest edition of 1604, compared with several later impressions.

11. A ROYAL ARBOUR OF LOYAL POESIE, consisting of Poems and Songs, and including Dramatic Ballads founded upon Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing, Winter's Tale, Merchant of Venice, &c., as well as upon several other plays of the time.

12. DIE SCHÖNE SIDEA. An early German Drama, thought to be a translation of an English Play, from which Shakespeare derived the plot of the Tempest. To be edited by WILLIAM J. THOMS, Esq., F.S.A. To be followed by translations of three other German Plays, supposed to contain similar versions of Dramas on which Shakespeare founded Much Ado about Nothing, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and Titus Andronicus.

At the period of the last General Meeting it was supposed that the third volume of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers" would be distributed in the course of the year 1846. The delay of it has arisen from the non-receipt of several valuable promised contributions; but the work is now in so forward a state that it may be looked for as the third of the present year, following the second volume of Mr. Wright's "Chester Miracle Plays." The Council cannot regret the postponement, when the effect has been to enable it to add some entirely new and valuable public records, in relation to the condition of our stage and drama, just anterior to and during the lifetime of Shakespeare. Several short and hitherto unknown tracts on the same subject have also been transmitted to the Council, together with poems by some of our early actors, until now unheard-of in our literature.

The Council cannot too earnestly impress upon members the necessity of examining carefully all documents regarding

which they may obtain information, or within their immediate control. Not a few of our subscribers are in the Church, and others are influential officers in the corporations of the kingdom. The first, we are confident, from experience, would find much in the Registers in their custody; and the last would often be able importantly to illustrate the subjects of our inquiries from muniments within their power. The volume of "The Shakespeare Society's Papers" now in the press will contain proofs of both these positions; and very recently the Council has received from Norwich (by the hands of a zealous, intelligent, and active member) some novel and interesting particulars respecting William Kempe, who, besides figuring in other plays as the greatest comedian of his day, had parts assigned to him in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much ado about Nothing." Many other direct illustrations of the life and writings of our great dramatist, and of his contemporaries, might surely thus be obtained; and the Council of the Shakespeare Society flatters itself that it is only necessary to point out these and other sources of information, to induce the members to resort to them, and to communicate the results of their investigations.

By order of the Council,

CONYNGHAM, *President.*
F. G. TOMLINS, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS.

We, the Auditors appointed to audit the Receipts and Expenditure of the Shakespeare Society, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited to us his Accounts from the 18th of April, 1846, to the 18th of April, 1847; that we have examined the same, together with the vouchers in support thereof, and find the whole Account correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct Abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society for the above period.

RECEIPTS.	£	s.	d.
Balance on the 18th April, 1846, as per Report of Auditors	355	16	3
New and Arrear Subscriptions for the years 1841, 2, 3, 4, 5	18	0	0
New and Arrear Subscriptions for 1846	89	0	0
Subscriptions for the Current year	231	0	0
	693	16	3

PAYMENTS.	£	s.	d.
To Mr. Shoberl, Jun., for Printing	166	3	6
Bonsor and Co., for Paper	80	9	9
Westley and Clarke, for Binding	50	0	6
To the Secretary	52	10	0
To the Royal Society of Literature, for One Year's use of their Council Room to 15th December, 1846	12	0	0
To Mr. Rodd, the Society's Agent, for the delivery of Books, &c.	13	7	0
To Mr. Roberts	5	5	0
Transcripts, &c.	29	8	6
Advertising, Postage, &c.	19	1	10
Treasurer's Expenses and other Expenses incurred by Local Agents—including a Gratuity to the Doorkeeper of the Royal Society of Literature.	12	15	0
	441	1	1
Balance	252	15	2
	693	16	3

And we the Auditors have further to report that over and above the present balance of £252 15*s.* 2*d.* there still remain outstanding certain subscriptions of Members whose names are included in the printed lists of the Society, and that the arrears for the last year especially are heavier than usual. On the subject of the subscriptions for the current year we refrain from offering any observation, as the Treasurer informs us that the arrear is particularly accounted for in the Report of the Council to be read at the next General Meeting.

We have further to report that part of Mr. Shoberl's bill for printing executed in the past year is still unpaid, as is the bill of Messrs. Bonsor and Co. for paper supplied to the Society during the same period.

ROBERT BELL.
SCROPE AYRTON.

22nd April, 1847.

ANNUAL MEETING, 26th APRIL, 1847.

The Report of the Council and the Report of the Auditors having been read, the following Resolutions were passed:—

Resolution I. That the Report of the Council for the past year be received and printed, and that the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

Resolution II. That the Report of the Auditors be received and printed, and that the thanks of the Society be given to them for their services.

Resolution III. That the thanks of the Society be given to the Editors of the various books issued during the past year, viz., to J. O. Halliwell, Esq., for the edition of "The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom;" to John Payne Collier, Esq., for his "Memoirs of the Principal Actors in Shakespeare's Plays" and "Rich's Farewell to Military Profession;" and also to Mr. W. D. Cooper for his services in editing "Ralph Roister Doister" and "Gorboduc."

Resolution IV. That the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services during the past year.

Resolution V. That the thanks of the Society be given to the Director, and Treasurer, and Secretary, for their services.

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, SIR HENRY ELLIS, K.H., HENRY HALLAM, ESQ., F.R.S., THE REV. H. H. MILMAN, F.R.S., AND THE REV. JOHN MITFORD, retiring from the Council in compliance with Law IX., the vacancies were filled up by the unanimous election of

THE RT. HON. VICE CHANCELLOR KNIGHT BRUCE, F.R.S.
JAMES HEYWOOD, ESQ., F.R.S.
SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART.
J. H. MARKLAND, ESQ., F.S.A.
JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

The remaining Members of the Council were re-elected.

The following Members were also elected Auditors for the year ending 26th of April, 1848.

W. D. COOPER, ESQ., F.S.A.
SWYNFIN JERVIS, ESQ.
LEWIS POCOCK, ESQ., F.S.A.

AGENT TO THE SOCIETY,

Mr. THOMAS RODD, 9, Great Newport Street, Long Acre, London, who is empowered to receive Subscriptions, and to whom all letters relative to the delivery of the books must be addressed.

*** *The Subscription to the Society is £1 per annum, payable in advance on the 1st January in each year, which entitles the Subscriber to all the books published in the year for which the subscription is made.*

Frederick Shoberl, Junior, Printer to His Royal Highness Prince Albert,
51, Rupert Street, Haymarket, London.

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The Chester plays

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